

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



Fifth Series, }  
Volume LL.

No. 2151.—September 12, 1885.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXVI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## MY OLD HOME.

IT stands upon a sunny slope,  
And fronts the beechy hollow  
Where glossy vines have ample scope  
The wanton brook to follow;  
Witch-hazels drop their magic wands  
In search of golden treasure;  
And, lying in the silent ponds,  
The trout find quiet pleasure.

The oxen turn their patient eyes  
Upon me; the bay filly  
Neighs softly in her glad surprise;  
The tender lambs are chilly,  
And nestle in my apron wide;  
The apple blooms are sifting  
In eddies on the laughing tide,  
To yonder river drifting.

The snowy dogwood stars the copse,  
Ferns nod in fronded beauty,  
The violet has modest hopes  
To pay her fragrant duty;  
The arum darts a mottled tongue  
To Indian-pipe, and vying  
With every flower the muse has sung  
Arbutus pale is sighing.

Athenæum.

## HORACE.

## BOOK II., ODE 16.

WHEN the pale moon is wrapt in cloud,  
And blinding mists the stars enshroud,  
When on the dark Ægean shore  
The bursting surges flash and roar,  
The mariner with toil opprest  
Sighs for his home, and prays for rest.  
So pray the warrior sons of Thrace,  
So pray the quivered Mede's barbaric race:  
Grosphus, not gold, nor gems can buy  
That peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary:  
Nor consul's pomp, nor treasured store,  
Can one brief moment's rest impart,  
Or chase the cares that hover o'er  
The fretted roof, the wearied heart.

Happy is he whose modest means afford  
Enough — no more: upon his board  
Th' ancestral salt-vase shines with lustre clear,  
Emblem of olden faith, and hospitable cheer:  
Nor greed, nor doubt, nor envy's curses deep  
Disturb his innocent sleep.  
Why cast on doubtful issues life's short years?  
Why hope that foreign suns can dry our tears?  
The exile from his country flies,  
Not from himself, or from his memories.

Care climbs the trireme's brazen sides;  
Care with the serried squadron rides;  
Outstrips the cloud-compelling wind,  
And leaves the panting stag behind:

But the brave spirit, self-possessed,  
Tempers misfortune with a jest,  
With joy the allotted gift receives,  
The gift denied, to others frankly leaves.

A chequered life the gods bestow;  
Snatched by swift fate Achilles died:  
Time-worn Tithonus, wasting slow,  
Long wept a death denied:  
A random hour may toss to me  
Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam,  
Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home

At the red close of day:  
The steed with jovous neigh  
Welcomes thy footstep: robes that shine  
Twice dipt in Afric dyes are thine.  
To me kind Fate with bounteous hand  
Grants other boon; a spot of land,  
A faint flame of poetic fire,  
A breath from the Æolian lyre,  
An honest aim, a spirit proud  
That loves the truth and scorns the crowd.  
Spectator.

STEPHEN DE VERE.

## AN INVITATION.

COME, then! and, if you can,  
Forget the ways of man;  
The craft, the cunning, and the endless tricks  
Which they call politics;  
Forego, if but awhile, the bonds and rules  
With which Dame Fashion's fools  
Are grinding in the town  
Their souls and bodies down.  
In sunny meadows lies the new-mown hay,  
And in cool shades the jocund children play.

Roses, both red and pale,  
In gardens now prevail;  
Carnations from their sheaths are bursting out;  
Lilies are set about;  
With gay sweet-peas — the painted, striped,  
and white —  
Green trellises are dight.  
Scattered are nosegays rare,  
Here, there, and also where  
Right many a girdle clasps a snowy gown.  
Come, come! and leave the turmoil of the town.

Since that the world was young,  
Since that old Horace sung  
The calm delights of the famed Sabine farm,  
Great Pan has lost no charm.  
His flowers are sweet as e'er they were before;  
His birds sing as of yore;  
His touch he still reveals,  
And jaded souls he heals  
In these our days as when from classic Rome,  
Not busy London, did his votaries come.

St. James's Gazette.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE PARIS NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE newspaper business in Paris is at present far from prosperous. The influences of the disaster of the Union Générale in 1882 are still being felt; several papers have disappeared during the past few months; others have amalgamated, others are dragging their wings painfully. And yet every morning the Parisians have the choice of more than a score large four-page political prints and ten small ones. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon fifteen other large journals are published; between eight and nine o'clock in the evening two more appear. A Parisian will tell you that scarcely half a dozen out of these fifty daily newspapers are really profitable enterprises in themselves. The rest exist more or less laboriously, and the majority depend upon various arrangements, combinations, and subventions which one cannot precisely analyze. The most profitable journals are *Le Petit Journal*, *Le Figaro*, *La Lanterne*, and *Le Gil Blas*. But many of the old established papers, although having small circulations, continue to pay fair dividends; their expenses are slight, and they are able to make a profit on their sales. The *Journal des Débats*, for instance, has remained faithful to the traditions of the French press before cheap papers were introduced; a single number is sold for twenty centimes, and the yearly subscriptions for Paris and for the departments are respectively seventy-two and eighty francs. At present the *Journal des Débats* is rarely seen on the newspaper stalls, but it has four thousand subscribers, representing a fixed revenue of, we will say, three hundred thousand francs; its advertisements bring in some two hundred thousand francs; add one hundred thousand francs for Bourse affairs. With an income like this and light editorial expenses a journal can end the year with a handsome balance of profit.

The material cost of a newspaper managed on the French system is very small. In the first place not more than half-a-dozen papers in Paris are printed from their own type and on their machines. The majority have editorial rooms in a

modest quarter, and the paper is composed and printed in one of the great printing establishments in the neighborhood of the Rue Montmartre, which contract to deliver twenty thousand copies of a large four-page journal for about fifteen hundred francs. The advertising space is farmed *en bloc* by one of the three great advertising agencies which negotiate all kinds of strange arrangements with financial companies, and bring the force of their monopoly to bear against any independent paper that attempts to break through the bonds of routine and to introduce our Anglo-Saxon system of cheap and direct advertising. But a paper which abides by the traditions finds no difficulty in coming into the world or in going out of the world; rarely a week passes without a new journal appearing or an old one disappearing; and all this mushroom growth does not imply the displacement of any great capital. With a few thousand francs you can publish a few numbers, which are sold with a discount of two and a half, two, or one and a half centimes to the vendor, who retails them at fifteen, ten, or five centimes. If the journal succeeds a little, all is well; if it does not succeed, the disaster is not great. Now in Paris you can always find a man ready to give one hundred thousand francs, which is quite sufficient, according to French notions, to start a new journal; and not only every political group, but every fraction of a group, and indeed almost every prominent senator and deputy, wishes to inspire a paper and to command an organ in which to carry on his own private political campaigns and intrigues. Hence the great number and variety of newspapers in Paris and in the provinces, some flourishing, most of them struggling, many of them moribund and merely kept up as the mouthpieces of narrow political groups or to serve private interests and personal ambitions. In the case of the purely party and personal organs, the owners are delighted if at the end of the year the deficit does not exceed four or five thousand pounds. In France it costs no more to keep a daily "political, financial, and literary" newspaper than it does to keep a steam yacht, an elegant mis-

trese, or a pack of deerhounds, and the newspaper has this immense advantage, that it may lead to all sorts of things, even to the presidency of the republic.

*Le Figaro* is one of the most wonderful productions of the century. Villemessant, its founder, who began his career in a mercery shop and ended it at the roulette table at the age of sixty-nine, was a prince of charlatans, a model of unscrupulous scepticism, who succeeded in making half-a-million francs a year by extending the patronage of his journal with even and impartial hand to the clergy and the comedians, to Notre-Dame and the Folies Bergère, to Lespès the barber and to the Comte de Chambord, "le Roy." *Le Figaro* never represented anything, either a political opinion, an artistic or literary school, or an intellectual movement; its mission has always been to provide its readers with news and banter; it was the first paper to introduce interviews and other features of reporting, and of the so-called *presse à informations*. As Villemessant left it at the time of his death in 1879, so the journal has, at least in appearance, remained. The inheritance of the Alexander of charlatanism was divided amongst his lieutenants, who warned the shareholders that if they altered the character of *Le Figaro* or changed the staff they would ruin the property; and so, at a general meeting of the shareholders, the editing and administration of the paper were intrusted to the triumvirate MM. Magnard, Périvier, and Rodays, and the rest of the staff, MM. Albert Wolff, Baron Platel (Ignotus), Philippe Gille (Masque de Fer), Jules Prével, etc., were nominated, so to speak, life-editors with fixed salaries and an interest in the profits. Thus *Le Figaro* became a kind of republic with M. Francis Magnard as president, but a president exercising very little authority over his ministers and functionaries.

Now it is precisely out of this individual independence of the principal writers of *Le Figaro* that there sprung up within the past few years an abuse in connection with the Parisian theatres, and an explanation of that abuse will enable me to indicate in a few words how far certain

organs of the Parisian press are open to the charge of corruption and venality. The abuse is that of the so-called theatrical syndicate. A number of journalists, notably MM. Wolff, Gille, Boucheron, Prével, Saint-Albin, Darcours, and Valabrègue, having no special gifts for writing for the stage, but seeing that large sums of money were to be gained by dramatic composition, began to combine pieces which they presented to theatrical managers. The managers would suggest to some veteran playwright that he should take So-and-so as a collaborator, "and then we shall have the *Figaro* in our favor." It was *Le Figaro* which first published accounts and criticisms of new pieces the morning after their production, and which first began to give an anecdotic history of the theatrical evening in the well-known "Soirées Parisiennes" of the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," while at the same time devoting every day considerable space to theatrical echoes. Naturally, if a *Figaro* man had a piece being played at such-and-such a theatre, he did not neglect the opportunities of gratuitous and persistent puffery which were offered him in the column headed "Courrier des Théâtres." The theatrical reporters of other journals, which, like *Le Figaro*, devoted great attention to the stage, gradually worked their way into the privileged band, and by the aid of the various influences of *camaraderie*, mutual interests, and personal interventions of all kinds, the boulevard theatres, such as the Variétés, the Renaissance, the Palais-Royal, the Gymnase, and the Nouveautés, became more or less the monopoly of a syndicate of journalists, to the detriment of young authors, as was recently clearly shown by M. Francisque Sarcey. But, except perhaps in the case of the Gymnase, one cannot say that there were sums of money paid. The existence of the syndicate itself has never been formulated; there has simply arisen a tacit understanding, as it were a kind of freemasonry, between the journalists themselves and between the journalists and the theatrical managers. In France, liberty of the press and liberty of the stage have developed almost simultaneously. The abolition of privilege at



once enabled a soap-boiler to open a theatre and a candle-maker to start a newspaper. For both employments literary taste or ability were no longer necessary; the stage and the newspaper became purely commercial enterprises; and the traditions of courtesy which existed between the two institutions under the old *régime* continued, but at the same time they were transformed.

To deal adequately with the relations between the newspaper and the great financiers and money-makers would require the pen of a Balzac. Since the newspapers have become industrial enterprises, their proprietors or directors have become for the most part simply powerful business men, commanding all kinds of influences, and above all the sovereign influence and prestige of publicity. So-and-so, director of a boulevard journal, with a circulation of only twelve thousand copies, has a mansion at Paris and a château in the southern department which he hopes one day to represent in Parliament. The director of the most important republican journal in Paris, who began his career as an obscure lawyer at Toulouse, has the reputation of being one of the smartest financiers in Paris; but he has always managed to keep his hands clean, no one can say a word against his reputation, and his position of senator secures him the respect of his compatriots. The fact is that all these tacit understandings between the newspapers and the financiers are disguised under the cover of publicity and advertising. The Baron Nucingen's first care in commencing each new operation, whether a bubble company or a really serious enterprise, is to sign large advertising contracts with the newspapers, which contracts imply tacit agreements on the part of those newspapers to speak kindly of Baron Nucingen, or, if the worst comes to the worst, to hold their peace.

Before going further with this delicate subject of the corruption of the Paris press, I would beg the reader to bear in mind, not only in this particular passage, but throughout the following pages, that we are considering the French press and not the English press. The admonition

may seem puerile, but in dealing with French men and French things the Englishman seems to me to lay aside his national prejudices with so much difficulty, not to say reluctance, that I feel bound to request special impartiality. As a rule one may say that a nation has the press it merits; the freer the country the freer the press, and in such conditions the more flagrant the abuses the more readily will they get corrected by the mere force of things. In London and in Paris many other matters besides politics are looked at from different points of view. Those clever gentlemen of *Le Figaro* who benefit by the mysterious powers of the theatrical syndicate may, nevertheless, be excellent husbands and good fathers. In French journalism, as in politics and finance, there is a certain latitude allowed to shrewdness; the three powers are constantly playing into each other's hands; and the points are counted according to a special interpretation of the code of honor. The director of a Parisian newspaper is generally what is known as *un homme très fort*, one of those characters such as Balzac loved to paint, who spring from nothing, arrive in Paris one morning from the provinces, and proceed to conquer influence, fortune, and fame. Every Frenchman knows that the minister of the interior, besides his annual salary of sixty thousand francs, receives a supplementary credit of two millions of francs of which he has no account to render except to his own conscience, that is to say, that at the end of the year the minister addresses a document to the president of the republic, in which he affirms that these two millions, constituting the famous *fonds secrets*, or secret fund, have been employed "in conformity with their destination." The minister has free and uncontrolled disposal of this money, and oddly enough at the end of each year it is invariably found that the two millions have been spent to the uttermost centime.

Not that the ministers spend this money lightly or without thought. A gentleman who now holds a very high position in the administration of the republic happened to be proprietor of a little paper published at Bordeaux some years ago; having one

day made a successful application for an allowance of ten thousand francs from the secret fund, he had the misfortune to be robbed of the sum by his cashier. Thereupon he applied to the minister, M. Thiers, again, but M. Thiers replied, in his shrill and squeaky voice, "I know it is State money, but I cannot pay it twice over." From which it may be concluded that the minister of the interior does not always lavish money on the officious newspapers as some people suppose. The Budget Commission last June, after a warm discussion, struck ten thousand francs off the total of the secret fund, with the express understanding that this reduction was intended to establish the principle that no subventions should be given in future to newspapers or to political agents. The reduction is small indeed, and perhaps it will not greatly change the present condition of things, for I notice that M. Andrieux, in his "Souvenirs of a Prefect of Police," even goes so far as to maintain that a minister can provide subventions for the official press without touching his two millions at all. He has either personally, or through his colleagues, other secret funds, in the shape of concessions, contracts, and especially the Legion of Honor. If a banker wishes to obtain that bit of red ribbon which plays so important a rôle in French life, he has only to undertake at his own expense the publication of the official journal of the minister. Arrangements such as these have the consecration of usage and almost of tradition. There is no especial secret about them any more than there is any special honor attached to the red ribbon obtained in such conditions. In the same sheet you will find an article written by a man of faith and conviction; another article written in order to serve the purposes of some politician; a disguised puff, a delicate piece of literary criticism, a malicious bit of scandal, an ardent appeal for some meritorious charity, the panegyric of one artist beside the merciless condemnation of another. In short, putting of course out of the question the lowest *chantage* journals, which are beneath our notice, the Parisian press strikes one as a strange mixture of seriousness and frivolity, of loyalty and deceit, of sincerity and roguery, of irredeemable defects and brilliant qualities.

The Parisians, and still less the provincial Frenchmen, have not yet been smitten with our Anglo-Saxon mania for mere news because it is news. Two attempts are now being made to introduce

this disastrous craze, one with American capital, *Le Matin*, and one with French capital, *Le Télégraphe*. Both these journals spend much money on telegrams and special wires and the like, but hitherto it cannot be said that their success has proved absolutely and beyond dispute that their creation has filled a want. There is an innate, artistic sentiment in the Frenchman which indisposes him for the enjoyment of the bare laconism of the telegram. He does not live by the dry bread of politics alone, but also, and above all, by the honey that falls from the lips of his poets, his writers, his musicians, and of all those who drink at the sacred springs of art. No newspaper can find favor in the eyes of the French public if it neglects the national artistic sense. With all its shortcomings and frivolities and meanesses, *Le Figaro* has literary qualities, and within its limit it gives an amusing presentation of events. Its chief *chroniqueur*, M. Albert Wolff, has many peculiarities. He is the ugliest man in Paris; like Offenbach, he is a German, native of Cologne. He arrived in Paris in 1857, became secretary to the elder Dumas, and was first known on the boulevard as "Dumas's German," *l'Allemand de Dumas*. Since then M. Wolff has developed in all respects; in the opinion of many he has become a personification of Parisian wit, and though the stylists consider his French to bear the stamp of the provincial *bel esprit*, no one can deny that M. Wolff has always had an instinct for writing a *chronique* exactly on the subject which the public wanted to be talking about, in other words M. Wolff has in the highest degree *le flair de l'actualité*. But as a *chroniqueur*, great as his reputation is, he cannot be compared with Rochefort, who alone writes a *chronique* which is a real article, holding together from beginning to end, droll, mordant, ferocious even, at times, but always witty and funny in the most original and unlabored fashion. M. Wolff exercised immense influence a few years ago as an art critic, but the impudence of his recent articles has deprived him of most of the authority which he arrogated to himself. The other leading *chroniqueurs* of *Le Figaro* are M. A. Claveau, who writes admirable literary essays under the pseudonym of Quidam, M. Albert Delpit the novelist, M. Bergerat the poet, M. Léon Lavedan (Philippe de Grandlieu), and the Baron Platel (Ignotus). The two latter gentlemen make a specialty of high-flown conservative articles full of strange theo-

ries about divine right and republican wrong expressed with the aid of an abundance of grotesque metaphors. The dramatic critic of *Le Figaro* is M. Auguste Vitu, a lean and dried-up old gentleman with a dyed moustache and a slight resemblance to the late emperor, whose history he has written, and during whose reign he held a high position in the official press. M. Vitu is certainly the most erudite and accomplished living dramatic critic in France; the French stage and its history have no secret for him; Molière has had no more learned historian, and in the minutiae of old French M. Vitu could have given points to Littré.

*Le Figaro* is very proud of its two chief reporters, MM. Pierre Giffard and Chincholle, who are really the perfecters if not the creators of modern Parisian reporting, that is to say of *le grand reportage* as opposed to the small reporting which is done by a miserable army of three-sous-aliners. *Le grand reportage*, which means generally an interview, was introduced into French journalism after 1870, and was ostensibly borrowed from the Americans. Thiers is looked upon by the French reporters as their patron saint, because he was the first who consented to be cross-questioned by M. de Blowitz and certain of his own compatriots—a fact which allowed the wily statesman to communicate to the world a quantity of things which he was delighted to publish, and to which he gave added importance by seeming to allow them to be wrenched out of him against his will. Gradually *reportage* has extended its domain to all classes of society, even to the demi-monde, whose heroines now have their dinner parties reported in the *Gil Blas* between an exquisite *fantaisie* by Théodore de Banville, a profound and brilliant philosophical article by Henri Fouquier, and an artistically pornographic story by Catolle Mendès. The promiscuity of Parisian life under the third republic is naturally reflected in the press. The Frenchman, too, was born to be interviewed; he likes it, and sends his card and compliments to the reporter, who on his side enjoys his task, and flatters himself that his articles, which he collects in a volume at the end of each year, have given the death-blow to those old-fashioned secret memoirs, which used to relate all sorts of trivial and amusing facts just fifty years after they had lost all interest. The first-class French reporter, *qui prend une conversation à l'homme du jour*, earns from fifteen to twenty-five thousand francs a year, and even more, in

his amusing business of receiving the confessions of kings, mountebanks, and other members of society. He is a skilled workman who deserves encouragement and admiration, for he contributes very largely to the amusement of his contemporaries, besides giving satisfaction to the vanity and self-love of the most eminent or notorious of them; furthermore he is to a certain extent a writer, an artist, and a critic. He must know how to present his matter with a certain literary elegance; and as in writing a piece for the stage, so in writing a reporting article there is, as M. Sarcey would say, always *la scène à faire*, the one great scene on which the effect of the whole piece depends. The very language, too, helps the reporter.

This conversational quality of the French tongue explains many features of the modern French newspaper. The French journalist naturally talks to his readers and excels above all things in the *causerie*, a form of literature which not only favors the manifestation of the writer's personality, but indeed owes its savor and piquancy to the free expression of that personality. Hence the aversion of the French to the editorial "we," and hence the prevalence of signed and personal journalism. No first-class French journalist would accept the conditions imposed by our English anonymous newspapers. French journalism is a purely democratic career; the road is open for those who have talent, and the public is judge and paymaster. Personal, that is *onymous*, journalism, gives the French press its vivacity, its variety, and its fertility in ideas. Thanks to personal journalism the French press, although it has become in the main since 1864 a purely commercial enterprise, has maintained those high literary qualities for which it is unique in the world. And thanks to personal journalism, France and the civilized world at large have been able to give honor to whom honor is due in the persons of those eminent French journalists whose names are Ernest Renan, Taine, John Lemoine, Gabriel Charmes, J. J. Weiss, Francisque Sarcey, Clémenceau, Claretie, Banville, Fouquier, Henri Rochefort, Delpit, Paul de Cassagnac, Bergerat, Henry Maret, Jules Simon, Vacquerie, Paul Bourget, Ranc, Hervé, Scherer, Henry Céard, Paul Mantz, Scholl, Paul Bert, and a score other political writers, critics, sociologists, and essayists.

Here it may be objected that, excellent as the results of personal journalism may have been in France, the general and ab-

solite superiority of the system is not therefore proved beyond question. I cannot enter into this interesting question in this place, but, as far as concerns the Parisian press, I can affirm that whenever French journalism is anonymous it tends to become dull and heavy. The first page of *Le Temps*, for instance, is often mediocre and tiresome, and the reason given to me by one of its most eminent contributors is that the director, M. Hébrard, insists upon keeping this first page anonymous, and the consequence is that he can get none but second-rate men to write it. The first page of the *République Française*, though excellently inspired, is also frequently dull and heavy for the same reason. But of the really important journals *Le Temps* is by far the best at the present time; after a long struggle it has succeeded in dethroning the *Journal des Débats*, and now it is the French journal which has most subscribers both in France and in foreign countries, although its circulation has not yet gone beyond thirty-five thousand a day. *Le Temps* is the type and model of the grave French journal in which politics and serious matters take the lion's share of space. Its political shade is moderate republican; in the expression of opinion it is always clear, measured, and just, and, unlike most French party journals, it never loses its balance, or, as the French say, *il ne s'emballe jamais*. *Le Temps* packs its text closely, and pays but little attention to elegance of make-up. On the other hand, the reading matter is generally excellent. Its dramatic critic, M. Sarcey, has a European reputation; its art critic, M. Paul Mantz, is one of the most learned and liberal of the many brilliant art critics of modern times; its chronicler of the Parisian movement is the novelist, dramatist, and polygraph, M. Jules Claretie, whom his less industrious rivals disparagingly call "a monster of fecundity;" its literary critic is M. Scherer; the Academicians MM. Legouvé and Mezières are frequent contributors. The news department of *Le Temps*, which is the great Parisian evening journal, is admirably managed, and gives briefly all that an intelligent Frenchman cares to know about foreign politics and foreign countries. Its foreign correspondence is one of the great features of the journal, and a department in which it shows more enterprise than any other Parisian journal. *Le Temps*, it may be remembered, was the only French journal which had a correspondent to follow the Prince of Wales in his Indian

journey in 1876; it published valuable letters from Francis Garnier long before the public knew that hardy pioneer's name. Recently its Tonkin correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, wrote a series of letters which have made a volume of remarkable literary excellence, and won their author the cross of the Legion of Honor and a handsome honorarium from the journal. *Le Temps* is one of the very few French papers which have a pronounced respect for unadulterated fact; in most of the other Parisian papers a very small amount of fact is mixed with a very large amount of criticism, anecdote, malice, and amusing dressing, which accessories often cause the writer to deviate widely from the path of strict truth. *Le Temps* also on principle excludes "puffs" from the reading matter of the journal; it never indulges in jokes or scandal; its feuilleton novels, often translated from the English, are of such a perfectly proper and moral tone that the journal can be placed in the hands of the most austere Protestant families; it always makes a point of publishing *in extenso* the speeches of new Academicians on the very afternoon of their reception, a fact which is very significant of the orthodox culture and robust literary appetites of its readers. In short, *Le Temps* is a thoroughly respectable newspaper.

The two very important Parisian journals above mentioned, both of which are sold at three sous a copy, may seem to have but a small circulation for so great a city as Paris and for so vast a country as France. The truth is, that the greatest French newspaper is the one-sou *Petit Journal*, the circulation of which at the present moment exceeds nine hundred thousand, and before the end of the year, thanks to the excitement of election times, it will certainly reach the unparalleled circulation of one million copies a day. According to the latest statistics, there are in France about six millions of persons who read newspapers, and admitting that each copy of the *Petit Journal* is read by three or four persons, which is a low average, one may say that the *Petit Journal* is read by half the reading population of France. The Saturday literary supplement of the *Petit Journal*, although it has only just completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a circulation of two hundred thousand copies, and is able to promise its readers original contributions by Zola, Halévy, Sardou, Dumas, Claretie, Daudet, etc. The results obtained by the *Petit Journal*

are certainly marvellous, and its chief editor, M. Henri Escoffier (Thomas Grimm) has displayed remarkable tact and moderation in working the paper up to its present position. Owing to the immense number and variety of its readers, its articles must be absolutely moderate, un-militant, and unobtrusive in the expression of opinion. A single word too strong, too decided, too positively expressive in one direction, is enough to cause an immediate decrease of thirty or forty thousand in the circulation. Even in the statement of mere news — of a street accident, for instance — the slightest departure from strict moderation is immediately felt in the sales. The choice of the feuilletons is equally delicate. Boisgobey, Jules de Gastyne, Jules Mary, Montépin, Bouvier, and Emile Richebourg are the favorites, and the publication of a sentimental romance of the latter gentleman in the *Petit Journal* suffices to attract a hundred thousand new readers, while a feuilleton by some other writer will cause a corresponding diminution. The militant influence of the *Petit Journal* may be very great. At the time, for instance, of Marshal MacMahon's attempted *coup d'état*, in 1877, the steady, calm, and imperturbably moderate campaign of this little paper in favor of the republic was decisive in securing France from the grip of the reactionaries. At this moment, now that politics are dull, the *Petit Journal* owes the continuous increase of its circulation mainly to its excellent and useful articles on practical matters, savings banks, and everything that concerns the economy and interests of those who work. We must not forget, also, the great attraction of two *romans feuilletons*. Since this method of publication was discovered by the founders of *Le Siècle* about 1840, no newspaper in France has been able to exist without a feuilleton novel. The last attempt to dispense with it was made by the Franco-American *Matin*, but a few weeks sufficed to convince its proprietors that it was useless to struggle against a tradition which was backed up by all the women in France.

*Le Matin*, which was founded in February, 1884, by Mr. W. A. Hopkins, is one of the most interesting innovations that have been made in modern French journalism. This paper is being carried on entirely with American capital and on Anglo-Saxon principles, that is to say, it has its own premises, its own type and machinery, its special telegraph wires, which transmit genuine despatches; and

it is free from all complicity with financiers or government subventions. *Le Matin* is a thoroughly independent enterprise, whose proprietors have imposed upon themselves the mission of educating the French to the appreciation of news. The process, for reasons which I have already indicated, will probably be slow; nevertheless I am bound to state that, in spite of all kinds of difficulties both internal and external, *Le Matin* has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of French journalism. Thirteen months after its foundation it succeeded in covering expenses, and at the present moment it has perhaps as great a sale in Paris itself as any other large-size four-page paper. Going to press between five and six o'clock in the morning, *Le Matin* is able, thanks to its special wire, to skim its London contemporaries, while at the same time it can take advantage of all that is important in the Paris papers, the most enterprising of which does not go to press later than two o'clock. To any one familiar with the French public and with French journalists, this result will appear remarkable. The proprietors and editors of *Le Matin* must have experienced as much difficulty in training their French collaborators to rapid work as they have in convincing the French public of the importance of rapid news. As far as Paris is concerned, *Le Matin* is a success; business men have comprehended its usefulness, and it has now reached a circulation of from thirty-five thousand to forty thousand. Doubtless in course of time, and by dint of advertising and enterprise, *Le Matin* will make its way into the provinces also, but at present it is especially a Parisian journal. One of the original features of *Le Matin* is that it professes no particular political opinions. Finding it necessary to make some concession to the French reader who cannot live by news alone, the proprietors of *Le Matin* determined to publish leading articles of all shades of opinion, and to make the first column of their paper a free tribune, in which eminent representatives of opportunism, imperialism, monarchy, and republicanism, might alternately preach their doctrines.

From the point of view of circulation, the journal next in importance to *Le Petit Journal* is *La Lanterne*, founded in 1877 by M. Eugène Mayer, aided by M. Yves Guyot, who wrote the famous series of articles against the Prefecture of Poice signed "Un Vieux Petit Employé." *La Lanterne* took advantage of this start,



and gradually acquired a large number of readers by adopting a moderate republican tone like the *Petit Journal*, but at the same time combating steadily the clerical party, and now *La Lanterne*, *Journal républicain anti-clérical*, has a daily circulation of one hundred and twenty thousand copies. The circulation of these cheap popular newspapers is very significant, for it is by them that the workmen and the peasants are influenced and educated, and by them that the majority of French electors are guided. The influence of the three-sou journals like *Le Figaro* (seventy thousand), *Le Gaulois* (eighteen thousand), *L'Événement* (twelve thousand), *Journal des Débats* (six thousand), *Le Pays* (thirty-five hundred), *Le Constitutionnel* (two thousand), is small compared with that of papers like *Le Petit Journal*, *La Lanterne*, M. Henri Maret's *Radical*, a large four-page one-sou journal which prints fifty thousand a day, Rochefort's *Intransigeant* (thirty five thousand), or even M. Lissagaray's one-sou journal, *La Bataille*, which has a circulation approaching twenty thousand copies, and is the principal organ of the working men's party. Then again, there are great popular provincial one-sou journals, like the *Petit Lyonnais* (seventy thousand), the *Petit Marseillais* (sixty thousand), the *Lyon Républicain* (fifty thousand), all republican in sentiment, circulating amongst the masses of the French nation, and all well written and well edited, always of course with a view to meeting the demands of a French public.

The tendency of the few Englishmen who ever think about the French Radical newspaper press, is to imagine that its writers are all ex-Communards, and that its object is merely to promote revolution and bloodshed. There are certainly several ex-members of the Commune who write in the Radical newspapers; but the English reader would do well to consult other historians of the Commune besides M. Maxime du Camp, and not to trust for information about the French Radicals and revolutionaries exclusively to the sensational headlines of London sub-editors. There is another point also worth bearing in mind in connection with the French Radical press. We English, who detest phraseology and instinctively distrust our neighbor at dinner if he takes the trouble to round off his phrases too nicely, can scarcely appreciate at its exact value the declamation of the French political journalists, many of whom are still suffering from a remnant of malarial fever caught

in the swamps of Romanticism. The school of which Victor Hugo was the chief and last survivor had no foundation in truth and reality. The men of the Romantic school, who really lived the most commonplace of lives in the most commonplace of epochs, affected in their artistic production a systematic exaggeration, a violence of passion, a truculent excess, which formed the most grotesque contrast with the habits and practices of a period when daily life was peculiarly unromantic, and when material interests were the foremost concern of the country. There can be no doubt that the influence of the Romantic school on the French has been in many respects disastrous. The French mind, formerly so precise, so well balanced, and so logical, has grown accustomed to look at things in a false light, to substitute loud colors, mere effect, and cold-blooded brutality for the exercise of reason and the labor of analysis. The Romantic school gave to words an importance which they used not to have, and nowadays, both in politics, art, and letters, there is still a great tyranny of words in France; and, above all, amongst the political writers, whether of the extreme Conservative or of the extreme Radical shade, has the Romantic temperament survived, for, as I have above intimated, the political writers are, as a rule, the least literary of the French journalists, and therefore the least accessible to the influences of the living and energizing reaction of the best contemporary literature. You detect their antiquated Romanticism in melodramatic tirades, in frantic appeals to violence, in clamorings for the blood of the oppressor, and in the most outrageous and mediæval insults, all uttered and written by men who, like M. Paul de Cassagnac or M. Henri Rochefort, are in everyday life excellent companions, and who in the privacy of the conjugal chamber bravely oppose the protection of a cotton nightcap to the intemperance of the midnight air. The diapason of political discussion is not the same in France and in England.

But even in the narrowest party organs I find many redeeming qualities, and above all a comparative respect of language and of form, a sense of literary art, and a heedfulness about things artistic and literary which no amount of politics can crush, and which no newspaper director, be he an ex-tanner like M. Jourde, of *Le Siècle*, or a retired money-changer like others I could mention, can succeed in entirely suppressing. The industrial ele-



ment is very highly developed in the directors of many Parisian journals, but these gentlemen generally have the good sense to leave their literary collaborators free, and then everything is for the best. On the other hand, we have many brilliant and intelligent directors like M. Hervé, for instance, who preaches Orleanism in *Le Soleil* with the elegance and correctness of a fellow-student of Taine and About at the Ecole Normale. M. Auguste Vacquerie, director of the Hugophil organ, *Le Rappel*, is of that honorable school of men for whom journalism represented a mission, a priesthood, *un sacerdoce*. For more than fifteen years, M. Vacquerie has written his daily leader in *Le Rappel*, battling with unflinching vigor in favor of republicanism, of truth, justice and liberty, advising and enlightening the masses, alternately trivial, grandiose, original, exaggerated, violent, but always sincere and always commanding respect, even when he knelt artlessly in the dazzling majesty of Hugo, his only god and lord. In the venerable *Gazette de France*, now in the two hundredth and fifty-fifth year of its existence, I read with pleasure and profit the literary articles of that accomplished gentleman Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin, while I skip the political articles as being behind the age. *La Défense* and *L'Univers*, since Mgr. Dupanloup and Louis Veuillot died, have lost much of their old interest. *La France* is no longer what it used to be in Emile de Girardin's time. But how amusing and interesting it is to glance over the swarm of morning journals and the swarm of afternoon journals that are published daily in Paris! What vivacity! What abundance of ideas! What apparent conviction in diametrically opposite views! What a brilliant and original comedy! And what a fine study Balzac would have given us of this modern world of journalists, politicians, duelists, financiers, paladins, and charlatans, knights and knaves, virtuosos of rhetoric and torch-bearers of progress! What an amusing character the author of "César Birotteau" would have made out of a man like the director of *Le Gaulois*, M. Arthur Meyer, that staunch upholder of the traditions of monarchy, church, and aristocracy, who now gives lessons in moral and physical deportment to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, after having begun life as a renegade Jew and a tailor, whence the witty M. Scholl has allotted to him for armorial bearings *gallun d'or sur champ d'habits* (*chand d'habits*!).

No account of the Parisian press would be complete without a few words about the great dramatic potentate, M. Francisque Sarcey, who is one of the most respectable and interesting figures in French journalism. This short, thick, grey-haired and grey-bearded gentleman, with his exaggerated short-sightedness, his inflexible and unrefined features, and his imperturbable good humor, is even more than a Parisian celebrity. Thanks to his long journalistic career, his name has become synonymous in France with common sense. During his long collaboration with About in the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* M. Sarcey continuously showed so much common sense that the belief became current that he had a monopoly of that quality. M. Sarcey's standing complaint against the present generation is that it is gloomy, pessimistic, and melancholy, whereas M. Sarcey finds life full of interest and amusement. He hates politics, which he considers to be a source of nothing but declamation, empty phrases, bad writing, and unjust passions, and, therefore, as he loves above all things clearness and precision, and as he is naturally a good-hearted man, he has created for himself a specialty of practical and familiar journalism. During the past thirty years M. Sarcey has written, with the rarest exceptions, a daily article on some practical question, and so he has become a great redresser of grievances, the accepted protector of small functionaries, the counsellor and guide of primary schoolmasters, the terror of administrations and public companies, an indefatigable hygienist, and an ardent utilitarian. M. Sarcey is a dramatic critic only once a week, when he occupies the Monday feuilleton of *Le Temps*; but his most constant efforts have been devoted to dramatic criticism, and his work in this field constitutes his true title to fame.

The foreign correspondents ought in a way to be numbered amongst the Parisian journalists. They work in the same field; and in the legislative assemblies, at the theatres, and in all the events of Parisian life the representatives of the great European newspapers enjoy the same privileges as their French colleagues. At the present time the newspapers of Europe and America, and, I might add, Asia—for some East Indian papers indulge in the luxury of a Paris letter—support between forty and fifty regular and resident correspondents in Paris. The representatives of the great Anglo-Saxon papers have monopolized all the front

seats at the comedy, and take the lion's share everywhere, and in every respect. The German correspondents are naturally under a cloud; the Viennese make no great show; the Italians are numerous, but their journals are not specially enterprising; and as for the gentlemen who write in tongues unfamiliar to western Europe, their correspondence, interesting as it may be to the quidnuncs of Stamboul or of Cracow, has no reflex interest for the Parisians, and still less for us English.

Within the last fifteen years the conditions of Paris correspondence have changed entirely. During the empire, when the French press was gagged, the foreign press was the unique source of information for the French about their own affairs. It was then that the *Indépendance Belge* established its great reputation under the management of M. Berardi, who conceived that excellent and varied system of foreign correspondence which still renders the journal so valuable. It may be easily imagined how much more interesting, and at the same time how much more tiresome, were the duties of the Paris correspondent under the empire than they are now. As the proceedings of the Chamber were not published freely and immediately, as they are at the present day, it was only by intrigue that one could get the text of a speech. The man who had no "tap" in the official world was out of the running. And how much tact and patience and perspicacity it needed to work one's "tap" to the best advantage! And then, when by dint of the display of the most precious qualities of diplomacy a correspondent had obtained some news, he would have to sit up writing all night, so as to get his letter off by the morning mail, for the days of the "special wire" had not yet come.

Now all this is changed. Thanks to the "special wire," the Paris correspondents of the London papers live in clover; they are better paid than ever, they do less work, and they have agents toiling under them. Yet some of these gentlemen are not happy. If M. de Blowitz's position on the *Times* is one of which a journalist has every right to be proud, other correspondents may consider that they are less fortunate. It is a common complaint on the part of the representatives of the English press in Paris that their letters are mercilessly mutilated in the editorial room in London. Why, they ask, pay for the exclusive use of a special telegraphic wire four or five hours a night if the Paris matter is unceremoniously

"burked"? It must, however, be remembered, that the dispatches from the London daily papers from Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and other capitals are centralized in the Paris offices and forwarded to London by the special wire at a great saving of expense. Moreover, the value of having a special wire when events of exceptional interest take place in the French capital or provinces, is self-evident. At such times as these the vivacious, amusing, and admirably written studies of the Paris correspondent, Mr. Hely Bowes, of the *Standard*, are seen to great advantage. Mr. Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the most zealous and ubiquitous of correspondents; no event of essentially Parisian interest, whether a first night at the theatre, a grand entertainment, or a funeral, fails to find him amongst the representatives of *tout Paris*; a melomaniac and a lover of art, he has all kinds of useful relations in the artistic world as well as in that of politics. One year Mr. Clarke was, by some stratagem or other, enabled to get into the Salon before any of his colleagues, and telegraphed a careful article in time for the edition of May 1st, the date of the opening of the exhibition. I remember watching for the publication of this article for special reasons, and I watched until the middle of August! As for Mr. Crawford, the venerable syndic of the foreign press in Paris and correspondent of the *Daily News*, his great years enable him to look upon things calmly. Seated in a corner of the Café Véron, with his inseparable rush basket beside him, Mr. Crawford does his work conscientiously and resignedly in the old style, receiving occasionally a visit and a helping hand from his wife. The *Globe*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *World*, and other weeklies, all have their Parisian correspondents, whose talents and work I have not space enough to examine in detail.

The fault I am inclined to find with the Paris correspondence of the English newspapers in general, and of the great London papers in particular, is that it does not give an adequate idea of French life and thought. In the first place, the system of trusting mainly, if not exclusively, to one correspondent, who is, so to speak, chained to the end of a telegraph wire, is open to criticism. The correspondent in question has but little time or opportunity for wide and varied observation, and he naturally tends to fall into a groove. The system of the *Indépendance Belge*, with

its dozen correspondents all working on their own account in different spheres, gives excellent results. It is difficult for one and the same man to deal satisfactorily with the many different subjects and events which present themselves in the course of the Parisian year. The correspondent, who may be very strong and well informed on politics or horse-racing, will be at a loss when he comes to write about the pictures in the Salon. Such, I presume, was the condition of that Paris correspondent of the *Times* who a few years ago spoke of Corot as a "historical painter," and had the good sense not to correct his error. Furthermore, the Paris correspondent of the London papers is constantly forgetting that he is writing about Parisians—that is to say, about men of a different race, of different education, of different morality, of different aspirations, of differently constituted minds and bodies, from those of his own countrymen. He rarely gives his readers a reasoned and impartial presentation of events, set forth and explained in accordance with the national humor. He is fond of bringing into relief what he calls "the French character" of incidents or persons. There is, it seems to me, in the greater part of the Paris correspondence of the London papers a continuous, and of course unconscious, misrepresentation of the French. The study of French social life, of French popular thought, of the practical and intellectual life of the whole nation, are neglected, or touched upon only very rarely or inadequately. But unless one enters more or less into these matters, how can one intelligently study the great French republican evolution whose centenary is approaching?

The answers to all these strictures are obvious. A newspaper, it will be said, is a commercial undertaking; you cannot force a quart of liquid into a pint bottle; advertisements are constantly crowding out reading matter; papers which appeal to an immense public do not need to aim at literary excellence; the general reader does not care about studying foreigners and their life; the great thing is news and telegrams. The Americans seem to me to take a more liberal and a more civilized view of journalism than this, and certainly in the matter of French life the American public is informed far more completely and variously than the English. I do not refer to the achievements of the *New York Herald*, which is proverbially the worst written paper in the world, and which spends immense sums

of money in obtaining the very poor result of announcing some piece of news five minutes before any other paper, with the accompaniment of innumerable printers' errors, wrong punctuation, and mistakes in the proper names. On the other hand, papers like the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, and the *Evening Post* of New York, to say nothing of the leading journals of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other great centres of the New World, devote much attention to French correspondence, and some of them publish most interesting and varied studies of French life and manners, and clever records of the French literary and artistic movements. The American has fewer prejudices against foreigners than we English; he "goes in for" progress and civilization in artless good earnest, and he is naturally curious to know all about the efforts and successes of other nations in the same direction. Provided it be admitted that progress and civilization are desirable ends, the mental attitude of the Americans with regard to the French sister republic is one which some of our London editors might perhaps imitate, with advantage to themselves and profit to their readers. THEODORE CHILD.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

#### MORAY MAKES UP A SHOOTING PARTY.

IT is a ridiculous arrangement which keeps London society simmering in double-baked bricks and smoking mortar down to the very dregs of the dog-days. The lords and the ladies of the loveliest scenery in the three kingdoms, deliberately prefer the dull prose of "society" to the poetry of nature, and leave the freshness of the fields and the fragrance of the flowers for confinement behind the prison bars of their basement areas. Among caviare and curries, and other acquired tastes, surely none is more capriciously extravagant than that of inhaling the noxious gases of the town, when the good of the land of England, to say nothing of the Continent, lies before them. To turn day into night in crushes, with the thermometer at 85°, making the digestion of dyspeptic dinners an impossibility; to tempt the overjaded appetite with truffled *pâtés* and plovers' eggs and champagne, when they should be sweetly locked in

the embraces of Morpheus; to waken from weariness to the drudgery of the inevitable round, for to-morrow is as yesterday and as many days before it,—it is all a matter of taste and fashion, of course; but were they condemned to the life they are pleased to lead voluntarily, the lot of convicted criminals might seem enviable by comparison. These at least have a chance of getting into condition on the treadmill; and after the jail delivery they come out with the satisfaction of having economized their constitutions, in place of having drawn heavy drafts upon them. Yet it is almost pitiful to see how natural sensibilities survive in spite of the demoralization that is consecrated by tradition. A blighted clematis or blackened ivy trails its tendrils sadly round the dining-room windows; and the millionaire, self-banished from his gardens, gives a florist *carte blanche* to renew the bloom in the flower-boxes in the windows. Those who have Edens of their own within easy reach, go for the daily drive or ride by the Serpentine, and gladden their eyes with the beds of Park Lane, which are the natural delight of the London destitute. But there is good in everything, as Shakespeare remarked; and it is an ill wind that blows good to no one. London tradesmen grow rich in spite of the competition of the co-operative stores; and fashionable physicians fatten on the maladies of their fellow-mortals.

We do not deny that there are bell-wethers to lead the flock, who are never really happy anywhere out of London. We know that the disreputable old Duke of Queensberry, who loved society, probably because he did not care to be alone with his conscience, declared that it was the best place to live in, in the season or out of it, because there were always more people in it than anywhere else; nor can we imagine a George Selwyn making himself happy in Gloucestershire, or a Horace Walpole in Norfolk. But as a rule, in most *habitudes* of Mayfair and St. James's, there is still so much of the healthy human instinct, that they welcome the day of their release from the grimy bondage they impose on themselves. Nay, they may argue with much philosophical truth, that they evolve good out of evil, and pleasures from previous suffering. As the wise man who is setting his face towards the Riviera in the winter, will wait till our frosts and fogs have made him thoroughly miserable here; so the Alps or the Highlands, even the dullness of the German baths, will seem de-

lightful by way of contrast to the purgatory of Pall Mall. And if that be the experience of the hardened votaries of fashion, who are lulled to sleep by the rattle of the wheels, and try to see reflections of their heaven in the glare of the gas-lamps, how much more must it be the case with those who are caught up in the fashionable whirl, chiefly because they are able to afford its dissipation! Had it not been for the sake of his daughter, Moray would never have spent more than a week or two in London. The house in Eaton Place, which he was bound to inhabit, was an incubus that often lay heavy on him. As for Grace, she was young and fond of gaiety; she had been followed and flattered by compliments, paid gracefully or clumsily; and she had made sundry conquests, more or less serious, which she estimated pretty much at their value, but which, nevertheless, pleased her. She liked dancing; the mere excitement of the exercise freshened her up, however fagged she might be; and to the very end of the season, like a well-bred but overtaken hunter, she pricked her ears to the sound of the waltz, and went best pace over the floor, with elbow-room and a satisfactory partner. Nor did she look so pale as might have been expected, when she came down the next morning to breakfast. Yet even Grace, though in her first season, began to feel that she had enough of the pleasures of the town. She found herself envying her friends who had already gone off to the country. Notwithstanding her southern training, she was a true Highland lassie at heart: often the Serpentine would fade from before her eyes, giving place to the wild shores of Loch Rosque or Loch Conan; while, though dinners at Richmond or Greenwich were all very well, she would have given the views from the Terrace or the Trafalgar for a glimpse of Ben More or Funachan. The Morays had stayed on in town longer than they had intended. Moray, who always did with all his might all that his hand designed to do, declared that he had work in east London which must be disposed of, before he could leave with an easy mind.

But at last the day of their departure had come, though not before the second week of August. It is hard to say which of the two had looked forward with more enjoyment to their return to the hills. Moray's original intention and desire had been to have his daughter all to himself for a week or two; but accidents, or rather his natural hospitality, had been

too much for him. Had they gone north a little sooner, the *tête-à-tête* might have been managed, but the delay had put it out of the question. The twelfth would be upon them in a day or two; Donald had sent the most glowing account of the grouse prospects; and it would be churlish and dog-in-the-mangerish to keep the birds all to one's self. Moray felt bound to ask Jack Venables for the grand day; and Jack, who had been looking out for the invitation as a matter of course, had already, with his usual forethought, secured himself leave of absence. Jack once asked, it became imperative to include Leslie in the party, not only because otherwise he might well have felt hurt, but on the principle of holding the balance even between the two. Leslie, in his civility, had made a hesitating answer.

"You know I don't much care about shooting; and if you want to fill the bags, and figure creditably in the county papers on the twelfth, you had better let me postpone my visit. I shall always find the rocks and the river, the balmy air on fine days, and the storms sweeping down from Funachan; and you know that is what I like the best."

But neither Moray nor Grace would hear of that.

"Come to us you must and shall," said the former; "that is to say, unless you have any more enticing engagement. It would not be a family party without you; and a family party I mean to have, after those months of living at a loose end in London here. And as for shooting or not shooting, of course you can do as you please. You should be much more the master of Glenconan than I am, now that you have identified your genius with the place. You must come to be inspired for a second volume, that shall assure immortality to our sequestered glens. No doubt you will become a nuisance to us sooner or later; but that is one of the penalties of fame. We shall have troops of tourists trespassing on our solitudes, crowds of poetry-stricken pilgrims scaring the deer. I believe Donald Ross to be devoted to the Celtic bards; but after all, as they sang in strains which nobody understands, they are as little appreciated as Ossian by the southerners. When Donald realizes all you have done, and learns that you have pulled the string of a perpetual douche-bath of trespassers, he will bear you a grudge you will never get over."

As may be gathered from that unusually prolix speech, Ralph Leslie had greatly advanced in his uncle's good opinion. In

his good opinion, that is to say, so far as the gifts that help a man forward are concerned. For since it had become an open secret everywhere that Leslie was the author of the much-admired volume of poems, his company had been greatly courted, and had he been the sort of man to have his head turned, it should have been well-nigh twisted off his shoulders. Moreover, it was just as little of a secret that the book had sold extraordinarily well. Mudie, as well as Mr. Smith and the minor purveyors for the public, had kept sending in fresh orders. With all the practical sleight-of-hand of the circulating librarians, they could not supply their customers sufficiently quick. Besides that, "The Idylls of the North" was a book which, unlike the ephemeral "trash" turned out by us, the professional spinners of fictions, commanded a very considerable private sale. It was the sort of gift-book to be interchanged by sentimental young ladies who found the masculine spirit it breathed act as a tonic on their languishing temperaments. It was the kind of book that a sighing lover might send to his mistress, with passages marked that gave eloquent utterance to the vague thoughts he could hardly hope to express. Moray cared little for the pecuniary aspects of the matter—he did not much believe in the possibility of making a fortune by the pen—but he did think a good deal of the celebrity. He admired the genius he had scarcely cultivation enough to appreciate, and confessed that Leslie was treading a far loftier path than that which as a dashing adventurer he had walked over with tolerable success. And if the sober Moray was so far impressed, we may imagine that his more romantic daughter had followed suit. She said nothing to back up her father's pressing invitation; indeed she saw that it was quite unnecessary. But Leslie, when he looked up to consult her eyes, had no longer any hesitation in assuring his uncle that he would gladly take him at his word.

What with rambling passages and wasted space, there was no great number of guest-chambers in the old house of Glenconan. But when once the *tête-à-tête* had been broken in upon by the presence of his two nephews, Moray decided to make the most of his accommodation. Two or three other men had been picked up for the opening of the shooting season, all of them keen sportsmen, and reported to be crack shots. There was Mr. Calverley Baker, member for Pontypool,



partner in the wealthy firm of Welsh iron-masters, and one of the most promising of the young opposition speakers in the House. There was the M'Claverty, chieftain of the clan of that name, and a far-away cousin of the laird's, who drew a handsome revenue from his barren heritages, now that it had been parcelled out in deer forests, grouse moors, and sheep farms. And there was General Battersby, who, though getting on in years, was active as ever, who had been a gay young subaltern five-and-twenty years before, when Moray had made his acquaintance in garrison at Hong Kong.

When Jack Venables heard of these additions to the party, he would have undoubtedly made a wry face, had not his features been under command. Old Battersby was all very well, and a capital companion either on the hill or in the smoking-room, though, with a touch of the formal courtesy of the older school, he was always saying something complimentary to Miss Moray. But Calverley Baker and the M'Claverty might just as well have been omitted. They were unmarried, rich, rattling, and consequently eligible; and Jack, though self-confident, was not unnaturally somewhat jealous, and looked upon all men as possible rivals. However, as there was no help for it, he resigned himself to the inevitable; and after all, he felt in his heart that as Leslie was "favorite" in the race, "the ruck" counted for little. He cared still less, one way or another, when he heard that a certain Mr. Maitland, formerly a merchant in Shanghai, with his wife, who was rather a friend of Grace's, were to fill up the house. A few days afterwards, however, his uncle had incidentally returned to the subject.

"I have just had a call from Maitland, who came to throw me over; and a nuisance it is, for I hate having my plans upset; though I have no right to be out of temper, and it is worse for him than for me. It seems his liver is out of order, and Jenner has ordered him away to Carlsbad. I always thought he was too hard on that old Madeira of his, though I must say it was enough to tempt any man. How well I remember it myself in Shanghai; and the East is the only climate to enjoy the wine. However, he can't come, and I am exceedingly sorry. You see I am filling the house with guns, and his wife would have been a nice companion for Grace. I hardly know whom to ask in place of them."

"No difficulty about that, sir, I should

say. I could name a score of your acquaintances off-hand who would give their ears to go down to Glenconan."

"Possibly. But a party in a Highland shooting quarter is like a salad: a mistake in the mixing simply poisons it. Now I thought the Maitlands would have given it flavor, without disturbing the harmony. But come, Jack, I see you have an idea — you always have — so let me hear what you suggest."

"I was only thinking, sir, that you and Mr. Winstanley get on capitally together; and I believe that he would be too glad to make one of the party."

"The Winstanleys? Why, it was only the other day he told me that they were all going, for a month or more, to his brother's place in Shropshire."

"If you care to have him, ask and try. I am willing to lay two to one on the result."

"You speak oracularly, Master Jack. What do you mean?"

"Why, just this. I ought to know Mr. Winstanley pretty well by this time; and after having had something like six months of domestic bliss, I fancy he would welcome a bachelor holiday, if he could only find a decent excuse. He likes your company beyond all things; he likes Leslie, he likes me; and after all I have told him of the place, I know he has a longing to see Glenconan."

"Well, if we can prevail on him, I am sure I should be delighted. And if he brought his daughter, she could keep Grace company instead of Mrs. Maitland. The girls seem to get on very well together."

"I don't think that would do," exclaimed Jack, with great decision. "Mr. Winstanley could hardly bring his daughter without offering to take his wife, — which, to be candid, I don't think he would consent to do, even supposing you could put the whole of the family up."

For though Jack believed his regard for Miss Winstanley to be purely platonic, on the whole he foresaw considerable embarrassment in having both of the beauties on his arms at once. At all events, his argument seemed unanswerable to his uncle, who declared that he could not undertake to make both the ladies comfortable. Moreover, Mrs. Winstanley rather oppressed him; and when he went down from Eaton Place to the Highlands, he fully meant, metaphorically, to exchange the court suit and ruffles of his London life for the ease of a loose shooting-jacket and knickerbockers.



But with the Hon. Mrs. Winstanley's husband, it was a different affair altogether. Brought together originally by Jack Venables, the ex-diplomatist and the ex-merchant had struck up something very like a friendship. When Winstanley had reminded Moray of having met him long before at our minister's table in Pekin, the Highlander had rather abruptly changed the subject. As we know from his frank talk with Leslie, those early Eastern reminiscences of his were at once a pleasure and a pain. How gladly would he have lived the life over again in all senses, with the exhilarating stimulus of its perpetual excitement, and the mistakes that might be rectified or avoided! But though, with his regrets and its pleasures, it was perpetually in his mind, he did not care to talk of it with strangers, still less with a singularly well informed man like Winstanley, who might be supposed to know some of the secrets of the trade by which Moray had made his money. Nevertheless, it proved to be something like the case of Johnson's meeting with Foote at Fitzherbert's dinner-table: "I was resolved not to be pleased; . . . but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork and laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible." Winstanley was so pleasant a companion that Moray was pleased in spite of himself. And Moray came to draw to him at last, for the very reasons for which he had at first shunned him. Winstanley, though an honorable man according to his lights, was no fastidious moralist. He drew a line which, as a British diplomatist, he had never passed himself; but he admired the dash of the free-traders who had gone beyond, being fettered by no official responsibilities. He was far too well bred to persevere with disagreeable subjects in ordinary circumstances; and he could not help remarking that, when he touched on Oriental matters, Moray was ever ready to turn the talk. He may have attributed that reserve merely to the natural modesty of the man. At all events he would work round to the topic again and again, showing an interest in it that was somewhat out of keeping with his character. Had he appeared to have any ulterior motive, Moray would have shut up like an oyster, and let it be understood very unmistakably that he would not be forced to speak. But Moray's penetration seldom deceived him, and he was persuaded that this man of wider experiences than his own was veritably amused and interested. As Winstanley

had said once, in a moment of unwonted expansion on both sides,—

"It does delight my heart to listen to you, Moray. You are as good as a romantic volume of travel, sport, and adventure, with all the padding left out; or rather you are worth a whole library of volumes, when we can prevail on you by some chance to do yourself justice. There is nothing I should like much better, even at my time of life, than to take a passage in a P. and O. boat to Hong Kong, and to go coasting down the Malay Peninsula to see what that new company proposes doing in Sumatra, and whether it is worth while going in for investments. Unfortunately it is too late; Mrs. Winstanley would sue for a separation if I proposed it; and fancy the horrors of a voyage in the tropics if one were laid on the back by a fit of the gout. No, going is out of the question; so the next best thing is making the journey under the guidance of a man who is the personally conducting Cook of tropical tours in the fancy."

That Moray believed to be the actual state of the case; and believing it, he became so ready to talk, that at last it was he who would sometimes lead the conversation in that direction. Winstanley, as a rule, was by no means addicted to letting anybody else indulge in monologues. He liked to hear himself; to do him justice, he was generally worth listening to, and nobody was more quickly bored. But he treated Moray as something between a melodramatic piece at the Porte St. Martin and a sensational romance by Jules Verne. He could come and take him up at any time, without being tied to hours or to cramped stalls in the pit; without even the trouble of holding a cumbersome book, or the necessity of denying himself his cigarette. So it came about, that very often of an evening the two men met in one of their smoking-rooms, for it was only coarse tobacco Winstanley objected to. The emotional side of Glenconan's Celtic nature would get uppermost; he would rise out of his lounging-chair and tramp across the room, half acting the scenes he so dramatically described; while his audience of one would keep him up to the mark by paying him the compliment of the most intelligent attention.

Really, on these by no means rare occasions it would have been worth while to put either eye or ear to the keyhole. Winstanley would leave a business-like Board meeting in the city, or the whist-room at the Travellers, to pass the latter hours of the night in a gilded mirage

of cigarette and cheroot smoke, conjuring up a succession of mental pictures that were vividly stamped on the mental retina next morning, and which his memory was always recalling through the day. Well might Jack Venables opine that he would be willing to accept an invitation to Glenconan. Jack seldom spoke confidently except on a certainty; and more than once Winstanley had expressed a warm admiration for his uncle.

"You neglect your opportunities, Jack, in not joining us more often, though perhaps the nabob might be less animated in that case; for he seems to think that two are company and three are none. Till I got him into the habit of those *tête-à-tête* rehearsals of the past, I had not the faintest idea of half that is in him. If he has not been everywhere—for there, at least, I have the advantage of him—he has done almost everything man could do within the sphere of his indomitable activity. Sometimes I think he is just the fellow to do it all over again; sometimes I don't—for occasionally, when the excitement dies down, I could almost fancy that he looks back regretfully, which, of course, must be absurd. But I tell you, sir, again, you ought to hear him when he shows to most advantage; it is better than any number of plays, even as plays used to be when I was a boy."

"Why, sir," Jack might say, "if ever my uncle should come to grief, according to you, he might make his fortune on the boards."

"Or in lecturing on 'Passages from my Past,' in the States—the sort of thing that seems to be the fashion nowadays. But no, that would never do; he is far more self-conscious than any of his friends suppose, and he wants a select and appreciative audience of a solitary listener. As I said, however, you ought to hear him. Now we are becalmed off the banks of surf, breaking over coral reefs, with unearthly stillness brooding in the air, before the tornado bursts from the storm clouds; and nothing to be heard in the mean time but the creaking of the blocks on board, or the screams of the sea-fowl floating towards the shore. Now we have got up the back of a tyrannical rajah, who is hesitating between ordering us off to immediate execution, or handing us over to the tender mercies of the tormentors; or we are threading the jungles, looking over our shoulders in terror, expecting a flight of poisoned arrows out of the thickets; or we are awakening from pleasant dreams of Scotland in a hammock

slung in the shade of a spice grove, to see a cobra or an anaconda hung up by its tail, with its forked tongue within an inch or so of our opening eyelids. But I only say again you ought to hear him."

While, if Winstanley was willing to go down to Glenconan, Moray, now that it had been suggested, liked the idea of having him there. Though in the bottom of his heart—or rather, in the depths of his conscience—he was inclined to distrust this new friend as an evil genius. That good-humored companion, with his easy philosophy, was the very opposite of Ralph Leslie. Had Moray been under sentence of death, it was Leslie he would have sent for to play the confessor. But when the world, with its wicked old memories, got the upper hand, Winstanley was assuredly the more agreeable companion. A man, too, whose honor there was no impeaching, and who was welcomed as the embodiment of integrity on the best Boards in the City. Yet, upright as he was, and with his unblemished antecedents, Moray would never have dreamed of submitting his scruples to him. Not because Winstanley would have condemned, but quite the contrary. He would have ridiculed the scruples he could not even understand, if ridicule had not been a breach of good manners; and Moray, though he might wish to be convinced, had no desire to be deluded.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### A BUDGET OF NEWS, GOOD —.

FOR reasons best known to herself it occurred to Miss Winstanley that it would be pleasant to accompany her father to the north. Not by any means that Wrekin Castle was likely to be dull, for her uncle was sure to fill it with company. Her first idea was to sound Mr. Venables in all good-fellowship, as to the possibility of getting an invitation. On second thoughts, and again for reasons best known to herself, she changed her mind, and applied to her father. Winstanley was no such doting parent as Moray; and yet Julia, though with more trouble and diplomacy, generally succeeded like Grace in getting her way. Had she not known him well, when she broke the matter to him, his manner of receiving the proposal would have effectually discouraged her.

"Nonsense, my dear. It would not be the thing at all—quite out of the question, as your own good sense must tell you. In the first place, you ought to stay with your mother; in the next, and that

is still more decisive, I don't know Moray sufficiently well to take a liberty with him. Those Highland houses are always filled for the twelfth, and you may rely upon it that no rooms are going a-begging."

He felt immediately that if he meant to be firm, he had better have stuck to a flat refusal. By weakly giving reasons, he admitted the thing was not impracticable; and Miss Julia, seeing her way, immediately set herself to argue.

"Mamma is always glad I should amuse myself, and she is always perfectly happy at the Castle. Besides, I need only be away for a fortnight or three weeks at the most. As for not taking a liberty with Mr. Moray, is it not rather rash to say anything of that when you know how he has been running after your society of late? Mr. Venables has remarked it more than once, and said he never knew him so quickly taken by any one. As for his house being full, you have often told me that Highland mansions are made of india-rubber, and can always be made to stretch as the owner pleases. And I do think, between you and me, papa, I should be rather an acquisition than an encumbrance to the shooting party—especially if the weather were wet."

Winstanley looked at her, and could not honestly deny it. He hesitated, and his daughter saw he was lost. She was a lively travelling companion, and gave little trouble. If he chose to go on to Skye or anywhere else, he could always send her south and remain *en garçon*. She might possibly add to his pleasure; she could not seriously interfere with his comfort; and that being the case, he was glad to gratify her. Prudence suggested no particular objections, looking at the matter from the match-making point of view, which the veteran speculator always kept vaguely before him. Jack Venables and the poet were both as good as engaged to their cousin, since both seemed to have set their hearts upon winning her. For Leslie made little concealment of the hopes which Jack had avowed. And neither of the other young men who made up the party could be called detrimentals, if the worst came to the worst. Miss Winstanley kissed him, when he promised "to see what could be done;" but was only moderately grateful. Not that she did not consider the visit as good as arranged; but, as her habit was, she had read what was passing in his mind, and surmised how far selfish considerations had weighed with him. Perhaps she overrated these and undervalued his affec-

tion; but if it were so, the fault was very much his own. He went on to say, somewhat dolefully, —

"But there are always the two difficulties to be got over. There is the indiscretion of seeming to force you on Moray—and his daughter; he has never hinted at a wish to receive any ladies. And what is more serious, though less embarrassing, there is the certainty of a battle-royal with your mother."

Had Miss Winstanley spoken out frankly, she might have said that she ought to be hardened to those single combats with her mother by this time. What she did say was, "Oh, I undertake to settle it all with mamma, so you need have no sort of annoyance. As for the Morays, I am sure nobody knows better than you how to turn an apparent indiscretion into a compliment. So far as Grace is concerned, we have always got on so well that I believe she may rather like having me on my own account. Besides, you should know enough of us girls by this time to be sure that she will be grateful to any one who can relieve her of superfluous lovers, and leave her to make herself quietly happy in her own way."

Whatever may have passed between Miss Winstanley and her mother, apparently she had not overestimated her influence. And Moray's hospitable nature would have left him powerless to refuse her visit, even had he not thought she would be a pleasant companion for Grace. Rather than refuse, indeed, he would have had a booth or "bothy" knocked up for himself at the shortest notice, where he would have slept on a camp bed or a mattress of heather shoots. Grace merely lifted her eyebrows slightly when she heard of the proposal. She liked Miss Winstanley well enough, but she rather resented a liberty she traced to the young lady. And, rightly or wrongly, she suspected a motive in it,—not that she was jealous, certainly not.

I have said that June in itself is the most delightfully exhilarating of all months in the Highlands; but there is no denying the superior excitement of the opening days of the grouse-shooting. The days are still long; the daybreaks and the sunsets are glorious; the chances should be in favor of settled weather; and the great work of the week is apparent in the minds of everybody. Of course I do not speak of exceptional years, when the moors have been swept by the deadly grouse disease, leaving behind it a solitude

strewn with skeletons, or only enlivened by the cynical crowing of some tough, seasoned old cocks, apparently as proof to the pestilence as they are shy of the guns. Nor do I know that the first of the season is especially enjoyable to gentlemen who live all the year round in the north. They go to work with intense earnestness no doubt, despatching their business with deceptive airs of satisfaction. But after all, the sport comes to them in the routine of regular tasks; they range from trout and salmon fishing through June, deer and many sorts of miscellaneous shooting; and it is for a very few weeks in the year at the outside that they have to resign themselves to the trial of killing nothing whatever. There may be exceptions, of course; but as a rule I suspect they have little more appreciation of the romantic than the Abyssinian savage who hunts the upper tributaries of the Blue Nile, or the ferryman who plies for fares beneath the rapids of Niagara. Now it is another thing altogether with the men who get the key of the forests and the moors after a long-drawn season in London. If they be not utterly *blasé* or broken down, they feel like so many schoolboys let loose for the holidays. For a time at least the spirit rises superior to the flesh, and though it be but a flash in the pan, they hold their own upon the hills with the hill-men. But if that be the case with the men, it is far more so with the ladies, unless, indeed, they be thoroughbred Cockneys. The life of a woman in London is as artificial as the fashions in her dress. As she compresses herself in tight-fitting garments, fantastically cut to disfigure her shape, and to balk her in all her natural movements, so she is condemned to breathe the most objectionable air; while she can never stir abroad without an escort. She takes her evening recreation in overheated dining-rooms, heavily laden with those smells of the cookery which are by no means disagreeable in moderation,—or in reception-rooms which are something between a Russian bath and a smelting furnace. Nor does she gain much by opening the windows at home, beyond inhaling the odors of gutters or gas-lamps, or of the back-smoke that has been filtered through unswept chimneys, and impregnated by the refuse of the mews behind. Yet she holds on to the day of her release, in a stern sense of self-sacrificing duty; and it shows that we have our everyday martyrs among us, who should rank with the virgin legions of the Saint Ursulas. If she is a matron, she is bound to see her

daughters married; if she is a maiden, she is bent on getting married herself; if she be neither one nor the other, but a spinster soured by disappointments, she is nevertheless bound, in obedience to the instincts of her sex, to immolate herself to the society which shrinks from her as an incubus. But though the strong sense of duty may carry her along, a delicious reaction will come with the release. For a day or two, at all events, it would be a delightful change from west London to the dulness of any picturesque farmhouse in the country. And when she is transported to the grandest scenery in the islands, and let down easily by residence in a comfortable country-house, with pleasant company and all desirable luxuries, then for a few weeks the emancipated female is in paradise. *Ennui* will come later: in the mean time she is sceptical or agnostical about it. Meantime it is rapture to go and to come, without ordering the carriage an hour or two before, or summoning a servant as protector. It is rapture to count on an appetite at dinner, notwithstanding reckless indulgence at a five o'clock tea, over sweet cakes and all manner of abominations; for nineteenth-twentieths of women are *gourmandes*, though unintelligent *gourmandes*. It is rapture to stroll out to mark the sunsets, when the western horizon is glowing in golden lights, and each fleecy cloud in its lustrous beauty reflects poetical inspiration from the showers of sparks flying back from the receding wheels of the sun-god's chariot. And it is most rapturous and invigorating of all, to breathe the freshness of the morning through open windows; revelling in unwonted lightness of spirits in the sights and sounds of the mountain solitudes. Then, for the time at least, we are lifted out of ourselves; the temptations of our everyday life are left behind us; and the thoughts of young men and maidens in particular, will turn lightly and easily to dreams of love.

In that particular August the Highland weather was almost perfect. There was pretty nearly constant sunshine, yet the temperature was cooled by the breezes and the light-flying showers. So that a drift of fleecy clouds from time to time would break the monotony of the deep azure of the heavens; and though the glass stood encouragingly above set fair, each morning the hills, the lakes, and the valleys were draped in fantastic wreaths of vapor. The fine-weather haze made a fire agreeable, when the peat sparkled through the crackling oak logs, and then

it extinguished itself naturally in the sun-rays that beat hotly after breakfast on the gravel before the house. The party was in good humor with itself and all the world; and the guests must have been the most fastidious of mortals had they not felt thoroughly contented. Allowances made for somewhat cramped accommodation, they were surrounded with every conceivable luxury. Even Calverley Baker, a born sybarite, whose brand-new palatial villa near Cardiff was renowned far and near as a marvel of sumptuous fitting up, gave unqualified praise to the comforts of his old-fashioned bedroom, where lounging-chairs covered with light-colored cretonnes contrasted pleasantly with the low ceiling and the quaintly antiquated cupboards. It was admitted on all hands that the ingenious *chefs* surpassed himself, though sorely tried by unpunctuality at meals. And after dinner, with the windows thrown open to the night, the conversation circulated as briskly as the Château Lafitte, to be followed by music and flirtations when the gentlemen joined the ladies, with a rubber at whist for those who liked it. Then in that easy life the austerity of the *convenances* might be safely disregarded. There were strolls in the moonlight along the shores of the loch, when Venables or Leslie—even Mr. Baker or the M'Claverty—had opportunities, if they chose, of becoming sentimental. In fact, ladies and gentlemen were on so pleasant a footing, that the latter at least were loath to separate; and, except upon the great day of the twelfth, sport became rather a recreation than a business. Even Battersby, who, being elderly, was supposed to be unimpressible, was so far subjugated that he submitted with a good grace to be overruled, when he had murmured some protests against this heterodoxy. In fact, when he had tried to make a feeble stand, Jack Venables had been down upon him with that pleasant manner which deprecated resistance and gave no offence.

"Why make a toil of a pleasure, my dear general? Your intelligence may be clouded a little by the prejudices of habit; but to a man of your gallantry, it must surely seem absurd to refuse the good the gods provide you. You can shoot every year with Jack, Tom, or Harry—hardened bachelors like myself, who simply make a business of butchery. But it is not more than once or so in a lifetime that you have the chance of strewing the game-panniers with summer flowers, and wreathing the gun-barrels in roses. If

we do ruffle Donald's shaggy eyebrows by altering the beats—if we do waste an extra half-hour or so after luncheon—what does it matter? My motto when out holiday making is, *Vive la bagatelle!* and I vote for the ladies joining us again to-morrow."

They were discussing their plans in the smoking-room, where neither of the fathers chanced to be present, so they might chat all the more freely. After Jack's persuasive apostrophe, the general looked around him and over his shoulder, but could see no supports coming up. On the contrary, both the M'Claverty and Mr. Baker approved Jack's arguments by eloquent silence; while Leslie, as we know, had no personal interest in the subject, since he only took to the hill as an amateur and an onlooker. It was not to be expected that he should advocate misogyny under the circumstances. So the general, having delivered his conscience, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed.

"If I were Glenconan now, or Winstanley either, for that matter, I should distrust you hardened bachelors, Mr. Venables. However, I suppose there is no help for it; there should be safety for the young ladies in company, and you can't do much harm on the open hill. Thank heaven, I never had a daughter!" he added, in a tone of such emphatic gratitude that, while the rest of the smoking party burst out laughing, it brought something like a blush to Mr. Venables's cheek. Seeing that the stray shaft seemed to have gone home, and thinking himself that Mr. Venables's matrimonial schemes could be no affair of his, the general changed the subject.

"By the way, where are our worthy host and Winstanley? I suppose they are talking China, as usual, over their cheroots. Well, birds of a feather will flock together; but it appears to me they are getting abominably unsociable of an evening—a charge which no one can bring against any of you young gentlemen. I thought I should never have got you away from the piano to-night."

Winstanley and Moray were pacing the gravel together out of doors. The former, though he pulled his cloak closer about him, was setting the night air and chances of rheumatism at defiance; while the latter, in evening dress, with unbuttoned waistcoat, drew in the health of his native hills voluptuously, with all the force of his powerful lungs. He looked the picture of robust health and perfect hu-



man contentment. Winstanley, glancing at him, thought as much, and envied him. He said so, too, with a laugh, in which there was some slight touch of bitterness; and then proceeded, half musing aloud, to draw a contrast between himself and his companion, considerably to his own disadvantage. Moray did not take up the challenge, as the other had perhaps meant he should. At that moment he felt at perfect peace with himself, with his conscience, and with all the world. If life after middle age is not very much a question of livers and blue pills, at all events we view it very differently under different circumstances. In the exhilaration of the change from Eaton Place to the Glen; with the bracing that had come to him from hard walking and good shooting; in the happiness of seeing his daughter blooming and bright, and his guests in the best of spirits about him,—Moray had cast his worries to the winds, and reconciled himself to his prosperity. Even the presence of Leslie, with the recollections it evoked, had ceased for some days past to bring any reproach to him. So he answered Winstanley lightly enough.

"I know no one who need less envy me than you; yet, on my word, I have good cause to be grateful. In fact, tonight I feel almost heathenish, as if I should either offer a propitiatory sacrifice to the fates, or pray, like the tyrant of Samos, for some small piece of misfortune to trouble my prosperity."

"Please don't talk like that, my good fellow," said the other. "Though I am neither romantic nor yet superstitious, you positively make me shudder. Misfortunes come soon enough and without praying for, you may take your oath of that; and in the mean time, with your health and your money, and all the rest, you may be content to take the good the gods provide you. But apropos to praying for breaks in prosperity, it strikes me that the clouds are banking up for a storm. And another thing strikes me, and that is, a chill in the air coming down the valley. At any rate, I accept it as a warning that it is high time to go indoors."

There are changes in the mountain weather that come up mysteriously as they pass quickly,—changes that go by almost unnoted by the weather-glass. Moray drew his curtains to look out before going to bed, and could hardly have known the summer night for the same that had been beaming on him barely an hour before from its myriads of twinkling stars. The moon was still visible in her pale

radiance, but the upper edge of the disc was cut straight across and blotted out by the black line of a swiftly descending cloud belt. Three-fourths of the sleeping loch was still shimmering in a sheet of silver, that seemed slowly to rise and fall in the moonlight, with the peaceful respiration of a tranquil sleeper. Yet even as he looked, he was reminded of the Eastern myth, as he saw the silver swiftly swallowed up by the storm demon of the darkness. One moment, each gnarled and stunted tree or each patch of heather that clung to the steep escarpments of the opposite mountain walls, stood out as if in the glare of some great electric light, slightly toned down and mellowed by the distance. The next, the cliffs themselves had faded into spectral shadows, which vanished in their turn into outer darkness with the total eclipse of the moon behind the clouds. It was a depressing sight, and he shuddered involuntarily as the breath of the night air came in colder puffs. He was ashamed of what he characterized as his morbid susceptibilities: he blew out the candles and stepped into bed. But sleep refused to come at his call; he tossed and turned; he threw off the clothes; he went off into feverish dreams, and woke from them more feverish and restless. And he gladly welcomed the first grey glimmerings of the dawn, as the short summer night gave place to the life of morning. When he rose and looked out again, the storm had passed over; it must have discharged itself far away to the south, as he could hear by the mutterings of distant thunder-peals. At Glenconan, though the ground seemed to smoke with the lifting mists of the dawn, the sky and atmosphere were clear as before. Moray's romance seldom prompted him to eccentricities. But for once in his life he felt disposed to a very early promenade, and he excused himself by the prospect of a plunge in the loch.

"A walk will do me all the good in the world," he said to himself. "It will shake off those absurd phantasmagoria that have beset me. Everybody in the house is asleep; nobody need be a bit the wiser." So, like a burglar devising his stealthy arrangements from the inside, he softly slid up the casement to its greatest width, passed his bulky person with some difficulty through the opening, and stepped gently on to the roof of the verandah that ran under the window. "If I have to enter again by escalade," he thought, "I can always find a ladder." And from the gently sloping roof of the verandah, he



lowered himself down upon the grass with unwonted agility.

The prescription of air and exercise worked wonderfully. He felt decidedly better with the expansion of his lungs, as he sculled a boat across the loch to the isle of the heronry. He was almost himself again, as he set foot on the strip of silvery shingle, and dragged up his boat half high and dry. As yet there was nothing like actual sunshine, though he could see the first faint reflections of the day already glimmering behind the distant peaks to the eastward. The aspect of everything about him was vague and mysterious. The rising fogs hanging about the birchen and alder copses took all manner of fantastic forms. A dozen times he could have imagined that the phantom of the martyred saint was dogging his steps or eluding his advance. The black tops of the Scotch firs, standing out like an archipelago of dark islands from the sea of billowy vapors, seemed appropriate places of habitation for the spectral-like herons, which occasionally flitted from amongst the boughs, and silently melted out of sight. But on the other hand, all such unwholesome fancies were cheerily dissipated by the merry concert of the birds which are silent through an August day. And as his spirits rose to the notes of thrush and blackbird, he stripped his clothes above a convenient block of projecting rock, and took a header into the deep, cold water. The shock completed what the birds had commenced. Moray was a magnificent swimmer. The art a Highland education had begun, had been practised in the tepid Eastern seas, where you live in the water when you can, to escape from the furnaces of the land. Swimming low at first, as he got braced by the cool waves and exhilarated by the sense of rapid motion, he gradually raised head and shoulders at each stroke, cleaving the water in showers of spray, and leaving the long trail of the bubbles breaking behind him. Herons floated up from their fishing stations in the shallows; teals and ducks rose quacking from their feeding-grounds in the sedges; and no doubt there was unwonted commotion among the finny inhabitants of the usually peaceful pools. But if Moray scared the animal creation, his own calm was restored; and when he had rubbed himself down and slipped back into his garments, like Martin Chuzzlewit after gulping the sherry cobbler, he was another man in every essential particular. Rowing homewards, and regaining the house in a glow,

he could laugh at all his superstitious forebodings; and when he came down to the breakfast table after an hour or two in the sheets, his daughter remarked on his rosy appearance, and all went merry as marriage bells till the luncheon hour.

"We have had a delightful morning—Julia and I," she exclaimed, as the first of the shooting parties arrived at the well, at which the young ladies were awaiting the guns.

"So have we," her father rejoined, speaking confidently for his companions, "although possibly the sport might have been better. But it is a perfect day for shooting; and, considering the breakfast I made, I never in my life felt more ready for lunch. I vote we give the other loitering gentlemen no law; so you had better let us see what you have got for us."

As he spoke, the stalking-hats of the other gentlemen were seen rising above the sky-line of the nearest hill; and very soon they all lay reclining in the fashion of the Greeks and Romans around an exceedingly tempting repast. It would have made a pretty picture for a Scottish Watteau; and we may safely say that at none of the meetings in the "Decameron" did the minutes ever go by more gaily. All the more so that there was no story-telling, and that the chatter to the symphony of knives and forks was lively rather than witty. Little did Moray or his daughter think that it was but the treacherous lull before a terrible storm—that they were already in the shadow of a lasting sorrow, and that the messenger of evil was already approaching on the legs of a Highland laddie.

"Now, what may Master Colin want?" queried Jack Venables, as he marked a sturdy Highland boy jump the little burn below, and come bounding up the bank in their direction.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Moray carelessly. "Possibly Walker may have sent him after us with something he forgot to pack in the hampers."

"No bad news, I hope," exclaimed Grace, with something like a presentiment.

"Bad news! nonsense," returned Moray, the more confidently that his daughter's remark recalled his forebodings of the night. "He has brought a handful of newspapers, I see. Perhaps it was a thoughtful attention of Walker's, as he knew we were lunching near the house. All the same, he ought to have remembered that I hate being bothered with politics on the hill."

"Well, in another minute or so we shall know all about it," said Jack. "Meantime, Grace, I will trouble you for the half of that grouse."

"It was a telegram just come for Mr. Venables," said the boy, "and Mr. Walker had thought that as I was to carry that whatever, I had better bring the papers at the same time."

Jack tore open the telegram. "I only trust it is not an order of recall from his lordship." But as he read, his face lightened up. He read it again to make sure of the contents, and then threw it across to Winstanley. That gentleman perused the despatch in turn, and glanced at his young *protégé* significantly.

"It need be no secret between us, need it? Suppose you give me the genuine pleasure of contributing to the gaiety of the company."

"By all means," rejoined Jack, brimming over with good humor; "I presume the contents must be all right, and I can have no reason to make a mystery of them."

"By all means, then, papa," echoed Miss Winstanley merrily. "Here are Grace and myself on the tenter-hooks of expectation, and Mr. Venables permits you to gratify our laudable curiosity."

Mr. Winstanley smiled, with a complacent satisfaction that attributed some of the credit of the coming disclosure to himself. Then looking round and seeing he had the ears of the party, he went on with a certain formality of manner, which showed the importance he attached to the communication.

"It is only another agreeable surprise in the marvellously successful career of our friend. Some months ago, Jack there consulted me as to venturing a trifle in an American mine. In the course of his peregrinations in the metropolis, he had picked up an acquaintance in the smoking-room of the Langham Hotel. What was his name, Jack? No wonder I forget it."

"Rufus P. J. George Washington Hicks!"

"Well, Rufus P. J. George Washington Hicks had had strange experiences between the Sierra Nevada and the Golden Gates. He had run a liquor bar; he had traded in buffalo robes; he had sunk his savings in building-lots, and seen them swallowed by a fire, when he had backed his luck by refusing to insure. He had feasted on porter steaks, and canvasbacks, and champagne: he had been grateful for crusts picked up in the gutter.

Finally, he had come rather to the front again, when he tried his hand at cradle-washing and quartz-mining. He got a concession for a silver claim somewhere in Idaho; and the lodes were so promising, though ground had barely been broken, that before going further he took a trip to the old country, determined on having a good time of it. Whether he had a good time or not, I don't know; but it would appear that his transatlantic trip has been a godsend for Venables. He cottoned to our friend, or froze to him, as he repeatedly assured him; and at last, in a moment of expansion after midnight, made him a serious offer. For a trifle that was not a spot on the real value, as he said, Jack might speculate in a quarter of his chances. What were the terms, Jack, I really forget?"

"Eight thousand dollars down," rejoined Jack promptly. He had got tired of Winstanley's prolixity, for he saw that Baker was yawning, while the McClaverty had sunk back in the heather in a state of semi-somnolence. "Eight thousand dollars down, and it was all a question of the mountain man's honesty. The mine might be solid metal or 'wildcat,' and the American only too well aware of its worthlessness. So one day I drove him down to dinner at Greenwich. Mr. Winstanley kindly consented to meet him. He pronounced, on the whole, in favor of Hicks's honesty, and encouraged me to stake my dollars on the chance."

"And to-day," chimed in Winstanley triumphantly, "we have a telegram, which tells us that Hicks is waiting to sell half the interest in the Tombstone Lode to a professional promoter for half a million of dollars paid on the nail; the balance for the remaining half to be represented by shares in a company."

"I can't quite follow what your American friend would call the calculations," exclaimed Grace, with cousinly excitement. "But from what I can gather, this mine alone has made Jack a man of considerable property."

"Exactly so, Miss Moray," Winstanley replied. "Roughly speaking, the quarter of half a million of dollars is £25,000 sterling; and his reserved interest in shares, if the promoters have kept their eyes open, may represent unlimited possibilities of wealth. Can Hicks carry out the bargain without your consent, Jack?"

"Really, I hardly know how that is. You see I never dreamed of his doing any business of the kind till he got back again to his own side of the Atlantic. Those

promoters he speaks of must have thought it worth while to follow him to England on purpose to trade."

"In any case, if you take my advice again, you will lose not a moment in answering his despatch. There are always slips between the cup and the lip, and it should be the object of every wise man to minimize them. Jump on one of these shooting ponies, if Glenconan will give you leave, and make tracks straight away across the moors for the post-office."

Jack jumped at the suggestion, and on to the pack-saddle, which had been adjusted to sling a pair of panniers. He rode off in a running fire of congratulations, which rang pleasantly in the ears of the fortunate youth. Before he swung himself on to the pony he had sought Grace's eye. It may have been that at that moment he saw everything in rosy colors, but he certainly did fancy that what he read there meant more than mere cousinly sympathy. Then he looked at Julia Winstanley, who may have resented being placed second in order of precedence. For she took such unnatural pains to avoid meeting his glance, that he might have had every reason to feel pleasantly flattered had he been unconscientious enough to keep a couple of strings to his bow. As it was, to tell the honest truth, he gave little thought, except incidentally, to either of the young women. His mind was far too full, in the mean time, of the piece of marvellous luck that had befallen him.

"Already," so ran his thoughts, "with that money paid down, I should have very much more than an easy income. Without being anyways imprudent, I might try another short cut uphill, and enter for the Parliamentary stakes to-morrow. Nor is there any possible reason why I should not marry money in the person of Miss Grace. But prudence says that it is better to wait a twelvemonth, and see what comes of the paid-up shares. It may be another case of a Great Comstock Lode, and I may be rolling up my millions like a Mr. Mackay — which reminds me that I ought to make assurance sure, and send the answer so that it may reach the City during business hours."

And never did the steady-going animal he bestrode have such a bucketing before or since. Jack rode without stirrups, and carried nothing in the shape of stick or spur. But he pressed his heels against Donald's shaggy flanks; he tugged provocatively at Donald's iron jaws; he cheered the animal on with whoop and

halloo; and unconsciously, as he worked up a shambling gallop over a down-hill stretch of turf, he would break into a snatch of song, to be cut short by a spasm of anxiety. When they pulled up before the straw-thatched post-office, Donald was dripping with sweat; while his rider was hardly in better case, what with his state of mental excitement, and what with his bodily exertion in the heat. Already Jack was laboring beneath the burden of his riches, being anxious as to the timely despatch of the telegram; and might have realized the wisdom of the petition in the Litany, which prays for deliverance in all time of our wealth.

From The Edinburgh Review.

#### MEMOIRS OF COUNT PASOLINI.\*

THE history of Europe, during the last seventy years, has been constantly affected by two great popular movements. One of them has been prompted by the passionate desire of the people of almost every European country for self-rule, the other by the anxiety of men of the same race and of the same language to fuse themselves under a common government. These two movements have led to many of the struggles and to some of the victories of the century. They have been responsible, on the one hand, for revolutions and for crimes, but they have been distinguished, on the other hand, by deeds and words which will not be easily forgotten. In some instances, of which Poland is the most conspicuous example, they have been distinguished by the fire and the sword; in others, of which Italy is the most noteworthy instance, they have been crowned with the palms of victory.

There can be very little doubt that the arrangements made in 1815 were responsible for the great popular movements which thus subsequently occurred. The autocratic sovereigns assembled at Vienna, sedulous to preserve peace by strengthening their own power, gave no heed to the aspirations of the people. Belgium was incorporated in Holland; Poland was left to the mercy of the powers who had divided it among them.

\* 1. *Giuseppe Pasolini. Memorie raccolte da suo figlio.* 2a Edizione. Imola: 1881.

2. *Memoirs of Count Pasolini, late President of the Senate of Italy.* Compiled by his Son. Translated and abridged by the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE. London: 1885.

3. *Italy, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Death of Victor Emmanuel in 1878.* By JOHN WEBB PROBYN. London: 1884.

selves; Lombardy and Venice were allotted to Austria; and the rest of Italy was assigned to Austrian archdukes, the pope, and the Neapolitan Bourbons. The alliance which Madame Krudener suggested, and which Alexander of Russia succeeded in forming, apparently made it hopeless for any people to dispute the will of the absolute monarchs of Europe; and, though peace was occasionally disturbed by popular uprisings and the movements of armies, the map of Europe remained unaltered for nearly fifteen years.

Four months before the great battle which enabled the statesmen of Europe to dictate the settlement of 1815, Giuseppe Pasolini dall' Onda was born at Ravenna. He died at the same town in December, 1876. He thus grew up to manhood at a period when Italy was only "a geographical expression;" he lived to see his country a great and united nation. The part which he was destined to take in giving freedom to his fellow-countrymen will not secure him any very prominent place in the history of the century. But, if he cannot be reckoned among his country's foremost men, he shared the views and enjoyed the close friendship of many of her leading statesmen. The friend both of Pio Nono and Antonelli, of Victor Emmanuel and of Cavour, he was at different periods entrusted with the confidence both of pope and king. His liberal opinions, his prudent conduct, and his undoubted honesty gave peculiar value to his counsels and his services.

Such was the man whose memoir, written by his son, and published a few years ago at Imola, has now been translated into English by Lady Dalhousie. We hope that it may find many readers in this country. The story of the struggle in which Italy won her freedom is well worth telling, and in this memoir the student will find much information not elsewhere procurable in our own language. We have occasionally, indeed, in reading the book, regretted that its author had not made his historical narrative a little more full. But perhaps this circumstance was inevitable. A work written for Italians, relating to modern Italian history, presumes, almost necessarily, an acquaintance with Italian politics which no ordinary Englishman can possess. Any one, however, who desires to supply the void which he may detect in Lady Dalhousie's volume, may turn with advantage to the other work whose title we have placed at the head of this article. The period which Mr. Probyn has selected

almost exactly corresponds with that which is covered by Count Pasolini's life. Though Mr. Probyn does not pretend to have compiled an exhaustive history, his work may safely be recommended as an honest and faithful narrative of a great national revolution, and we shall avail ourselves of his labors, as well as those of Lady Dalhousie, to illustrate one or two chapters of modern Italian history.

For more than thirty years after 1815, the arrangements made at Vienna were undisturbed in Italy. The risings which occurred in Naples and Piedmont in 1820, and in the Romagna and in Modena in 1830, were stamped out by Austrian intervention. Thenceforward, till 1846, revolution seemed hopeless. Austria had proved both her capacity and her will to maintain authority; and the union and freedom of Italy seemed equally unattainable. Arbitrary rulers, bent on stamping out revolution and reform, are apt to drive reformers and republicans into secret combinations. The Neapolitan rising of 1820 was both inspired and sustained by the Carbonari. Some years later a young Italian, "Joseph Mazzini by name, conceived the idea of a new association to be called Young Italy." Some English readers may have recently derived a new idea of Mazzini's character from the admirable letters which he addressed to Mrs. Carlyle in her hour of difficulty and distress. In Mr. Probyn's pages he is a "man of singularly pure and moral life," possessing "a marvellous power of personal attraction and influence." He desired to unite all Italians in the common object of making their country at once free, united, and republican. Many Italians were ready enough to join hands with Mazzini; but many others, though they shared some of his views, dissented from a portion of his teaching, and distrusted his detestable, and sometimes sanguinary, plots. Moderate reformers themselves, they had no desire to replace autocracy with anarchy; and they believed that all reasonable objects could be secured by milder measures than those which Mazzini was suggesting. Instead of a rising against authority and the establishment of an Italian republic, they advocated constitutional reforms and a federation of Italian States. These views were developed in the "*Primato morale e civile degli Italiani*" by the Abate Vincenzo Gioberti; they were supported by Cesare Balbo in the "*Speranze d'Italia*;" and they were reasserted by Massimo d'Azeglio in his "*Casi di Romagna*."

These and other works of the same character were raising among educated Italians new ideas and new hopes of Italian unity. The future of Italy depended—so these writers taught—on Piedmont and Rome. The former, the best governed of Italian States, was the centre of Italian force; the latter, both in its past and present history, was the centre of Italian faith. But, while the hopes of moderate reformers were fixed on Rome, the condition of the papal government filled them with despair. Supported by the presence of Swiss troops and by the active encouragement of Austria, the pope was enabled to resist all change and to maintain all abuses.

In Romagna [wrote D'Azeglio] a set of wretches are maintained, the lowest and worst characters . . . who howl out that they are devoted to religion, the Pope and his government. With this cry they claim exemption from all restraint, and think themselves authorized to commit every sort of violence against those who profess different opinions.

Laws [wrote Mr. Freeborn, the British consular agent at Rome] laws criminal and civil require reform, and this reform is pressed upon the Government by all classes of the people. The administration is not good. . . . The finances are in a deplorable state. . . . The Government could not stand without the protection of Austria and the immediate presence of the Swiss.\*

Such was the state of Italy and of the Romagna in the concluding years of Gregory XVI. At that time Count Pasolini was residing on his estate at Montericco near Imola. Count Pasolini had inherited liberal opinions from his father, who had been at one time podestà of Ravenna. In these views he had been partly confirmed by his marriage, in 1843, with Antonietta Bassi, a young lady of Lombardy, whose father held a distinguished position in Milan during the revolution of 1848. Like most liberal Italians, the Pasolinis were brooding over the evils to which the Romagna was a prey, and reading with avidity the works of Gioberti, of Balbo, and of D'Azeglio. The see of Imola was, at that time, filled by Cardinal Mastai, as Count Pasolini calls him, or (to give him his fuller name) by Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, who was des-

tinued soon afterwards to become Pio Nono. The future pope had been a missionary in Chili; he enjoyed the reputation of possessing "liberal and moderate opinions and a correct judgment," and he had no tolerance for the misgovernment of the Papal States, or for the reactionary policy of the Vatican.

I cannot understand [to quote his own words] the captiousness of our Government in liking to persecute the rising generation, who must needs breathe the air of the present century rather than that of the past. It would be so easy to gratify their aspirations and to win their love. . . . There is nothing contrary to theology, that I know of, in the advancement of science, industry, and art.

He had already read the "Casi di Romagna." Madame Pasolini lent him the "Speranze d'Italia." Count Pasolini gave him the "Primato morale e civile degli Italiani," and enforced the moral of the work by adding that, whether Gioberti's proposition for a confederation of Italian States was the dream of a poet or the prophecy of a sage, disorder in this world could be neither irremediable nor eternal. Cardinal Ferretti listened and approved; he fancied "that he discerned in the dark and stormy present some dawning of peace and light to come." He could hardly have been expected to foresee that the light which he was destined to kindle he was fated also to extinguish.

On June 1, 1846, Gregory XVI. died, and Cardinal Ferretti was summoned to Rome to take part in the election of a new pope. "There is a story told of a white pigeon perching on Mastai's carriage during his journey, and returning again after being several times driven away."\* We have more interest in observing that the cardinal carried with him to the conclave "the works of Gioberti and other books of liberal and enlightened principles, which he intended presenting to the new pope." Perhaps, even after what we have said of these works, an English reader may fail to appreciate the significance of the circumstance. But its importance may be inferred from a despatch in which Mr. Freeborn, the British consular agent at Rome, announced the death of Gregory XVI. and the deplorable condition of the States of the Church. "If the new pope," wrote Mr. Freeborn, "continues extreme

\* Correspondence respecting Italy. Parliamentary Papers, 1849, p. 16. We have used the voluminous correspondence on the affairs of Italy in our Parliamentary papers to illustrate Count Pasolini's memoir, as well as an excellent chapter on "L'Italie et le pape Pie IX." in the last volume of Guizot's "Mémoires." Those of our readers who may wish for further light on the Radical side of the question should consult Garnier-Pagès' "Histoire de la Révolution de 1848."

\* The white pigeon reappeared a year afterwards when the pope was pronouncing a benediction from the balcony of the Vatican, and was saluted by the crowd as an emblem of the Holy Spirit. After all, neither the omen nor its application was more absurd than Louis Napoleon's eagle.



severity with political delinquents, and refuses all reform or improvement, the country will not remain tranquil. The works of Gioberti, Balbo, and Massimo d'Azeglio have been read with avidity." On the day after this despatch was written, after the shortest conclave since 1572, Cardinal Ferretti was chosen pope. The choice of the conclave had thus fallen on a prelate who had been reading liberal publications at least as eagerly as his future subjects. And liberal reading led to liberal conduct. A month after his election the pope granted an amnesty to political offenders. A few weeks later, in August, 1846, Cardinal Gizzi, a prelate whose mild and conciliatory manners made him universally popular, was appointed secretary of state, and other reforms were either granted or promised.

Yet the new pope, though his popularity was daily increasing, was already beset with a double danger. The party of Young Italy, which Mazzini had formed, was impatient of a policy which was fatal to the success of its own views. Its members had pledged themselves to an Italian republic and the expulsion of the Austrians, and the concession of partial reforms was, of course, likely to satisfy some of its adherents, and so diminish its resources. There was another party in Rome, too, which regarded with even greater dislike the reforming policy of the new pope. The Sanfedisti, or partisans of the holy faith, were equally hostile to republicanism and constitutional monarchy. They believed that moderate reform inevitably led to the extreme results which Mazzini was advocating, and that the true policy of the pope lay in resisting all change. If they had stood alone, they would have had no chance of withstanding the movement which popular writers had initiated, and which Pio Nono was himself supporting. But their position was strengthened by the passive or even active support which they received from Austria. To Metternich a liberal pope seemed as impossible as a united Italy.

If, however, Pio Nono found that his measures were opposed by the Sanfedisti at Rome, and by Metternich at Vienna, he soon derived fresh encouragement from the moral support which he received from the two great western powers. The foreign policy of France was, at that time, directed by M. Guizot. In England, soon after the election of Pio Nono, the Peel ministry broke up, and Lord Palmerston resumed the seals of the Foreign Office. England had no diplomatic intercourse

with Rome in 1846, whereas France had the advantage of being represented there by M. Rossi. There are Englishmen still alive who enjoyed the acquaintance of that able man; there are many other Englishmen who are probably familiar with the description of him which lives in M. Guizot's pages. An Italian by birth, a Frenchman by office, a liberal in politics and religion, M. Rossi threw the whole weight of his influence into the party of reform. In the course of 1847 his advice was strengthened by the support which he derived from Lord Minto's presence at Rome. Whatever differences may have existed between the French and English Foreign Offices either in Spain or elsewhere, in Italy their representatives pursued an identical policy. They urged the pope to persevere in the course of moderate reform; they helped him to resist the pressure of Prince Metternich and the Sanfedisti.

Encouragement of this sort Pio Nono already required. The roar of the Radicals on the one hand, the threats of the Sanfedisti on the other, filled the pope's mind with vague apprehensions. The ecclesiastics by whom he was surrounded joined with Austria in opposing reform. Cardinal Gizzi, finding his authority decreasing, pressed his resignation on his master; and Pio Nono, destitute of suitable advisers, and harassed with anxiety and doubt, recollected the conversations which he had enjoyed with Count Pasolini in Imola, and, in the beginning of 1847, begged his old friend to come and help him in Rome.

One result of Pasolini's presence was to confirm Pio Nono in his determination to form a State Council of persons nominated by himself, but popular in their own neighborhood. Pasolini was naturally selected as councillor for Ravenna. But this measure, which was received with extraordinary rejoicings in the first instance, went but a little way to satisfy real reformers. The Council, originated in April, 1847, did not assemble till the following autumn, and in the interval riots in the provinces increased the pope's anxiety, and induced Metternich to strengthen the Austrian garrison at Ferrara. The anniversary of the pope's amnesty, moreover, became an occasion for disorder; and the pope, constrained in consequence to prohibit public meetings, lost some of his popularity.

Unluckily, too, when the Council met, it proved powerless for good. Its members, indeed, displayed a conscientious dili-



gence. Pasolini himself undertook to report on the administration of the provincial hydraulic works, on house taxes and direct taxes, on government arrangements for the general business of the country, on the condition of the ports, and on the regulation of shores and embankments. But these Herculean labors produced no results. The Council, as Pasolini himself soon found, was "neither an advising nor a legislative body, and therefore radically defective."

In truth, it was impossible for any council to do anything. Between the Council and the pope stood the ministry; and, till the spring of 1848, the ministers were all ecclesiastics. M. Rossi had already traced the causes of misrule to the exclusive character of the government, and had urged the pope, in the preceding July, to admit at least two laymen to his Cabinet. The events which rapidly succeeded one another in 1848, forced the pope partially to yield. In the first days of January, disturbances broke out at Milan. About the same time the people rose in Sicily, defeated the royal troops, and insisted on obtaining the Constitution of 1812. At the end of January insurrection was only avoided in Naples by the promise of a similar concession; in the succeeding month the Piedmontese, following the prevailing example, demanded and obtained representative institutions; while in Rome, as in all Italy, the people, almost wild with excitement, shouted approval of the reforms which had already been granted, and clamored for other similar measures.

It was in the midst of this prevailing agitation that the pope took a tardy and tentative step towards realizing the policy which both France and England were pressing on him. He appointed Prince Gabrielli, a military man, minister at war. The appointment gave universal satisfaction. The Romans regarded it much as Pio Nono himself regarded it. "Ebbene, Signor Conte," so he said to M. Rossi, "l'elemento laico è introdotto." It was no doubt something to introduce the lay element into the Papal ministry. But M. Rossi saw at once that the tentative measure would go a very little way. "J'espère encore," so he replied to the pope, "que la première suffira; mais elle suffira surtout si on sait bien qu'au besoin la seconde ne manquerait pas. Il faut au moins trois ministres laïques." A few days' experience confirmed the truth of M. Rossi's opinion. Early in February the people, learning or suspecting that the

ministers intended to thwart the pope's action, gathered in the Corso and clamored for the downfall of the government. Pio Nono, yielding to the uproar, decided on adopting M. Rossi's advice, and on at once appointing three laymen to the ministry; and he named, among the three, his old friend Count Pasolini to the department of agriculture and commerce.

Pasolini entered on his task with some hesitation. He felt from the first that the heterogeneous elements of which the Cabinet was composed threatened its stability; while, though he retained his high opinion of Pio Nono's character, he was already a little doubtful of his master's vigor. Events, moreover, moving at railway speed, fanned the excitement of the populace and increased the difficulties of the government. The revolution in France and the flight of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot were rapidly succeeded by popular uprisings throughout Europe. Prince Metternich was forced to fly from Vienna; the Austrians were driven from Venice, and the Lombards, rising against the garrison, maintained for six days the memorable struggle in the streets of Milan which forced Radetzky towards the end of March to withdraw into the Quadrilateral. These grave events produced fresh excitement in Rome; and Pio Nono, surprised to find that the concessions which he had already made were leading to fresh demands, lamented the ingratitude of his subjects and the disappointment of his expectations. On Pasolini's strong remonstrance, he was induced at the beginning of March to reconstitute his ministry. Cardinal Bofondi was succeeded as president of the council by Cardinal Antonelli. At Pasolini's suggestion a young statesman, Marco Minghetti, one of the most capable of Italian ministers, was admitted to the Cabinet. The lay element, as Mr. Probyn has pointed out, actually preponderated in the reconstituted ministry. But these concessions, which would have satisfied popular expectation in January, passed almost without notice in March. The people in January had demanded men; in March they were asking for measures, and for the sternest of all measures — war.

When the news of the revolution in Vienna was published in Rome on March 21, a great tumult arose. The bells rang loud peals. The Austrian colors were hauled down and burned in the Piazza del Popolo, to the cry of "Italy, Italy forever!" The Government . . . determined to form an army . . . and began to enter volunteers, of whom Colonel Ferraris was

to be commandant. To the banners of all the Pontifical troops they added the national tricolor, and the Piedmontese general, Giovanni Durando, was chosen commander-in-chief of the whole army. . . . All Rome, intoxicated with joy, rang with the clash of arms and the music of warlike songs. The Pope and the religious congregations presented large gifts for Italy. . . . More than 12,000 volunteers went out from the States of the Church, among whom were two of the Pope's nephews . . . and the Pope blessed them all as brave defenders of the Roman territory. . . . General Durando reported the extreme ardor of his volunteers to cross the Po in order to commence offensive operations.

In the opinion of Pio Nono's ministry, only one course was possible under these circumstances. When papal volunteers, blessed by the pope, were marching under the Italian tricolor to the Po, the die was practically cast, and, for good or for evil, war seemed inevitable. But, while his ministers were urging war, the pope was waiting for more news. While ministers were pressing for a decision, the pope was professing a desire to be guided by circumstances; and so, while Austria was striving to gain time, and Radetzky was reorganizing his beaten army, the papal troops remained stationary at Ferrara, and failed to throw into the balance the additional weight which might have turned the scale.\*

Towards the end of April the ministry learned that the pope intended to deliver an allocution on the war, and addressed to the pontiff a long State paper on the subject. The pope, by an odd reasoning, they argued had to decide the matter as head of the Church and head of the State. As head of the Church they left him to be guided by the inspiration of God. As head of the State they declared "war to be, at this juncture, the least of possible evils, and the only means of restoring to troubled Italy that natural and lasting peace which is the attribute of a justly acquired nationality;" and, in laying the declaration before the pope, "they intimated that they would resign if he declared himself against war."

This attitude of the ministry placed Pio Nono in great embarrassment. He could not afford to part from his advisers, and he could not bring himself to plunge into the whirlpool of war. He urged Count Pasolini to fear nothing; he promised that

his ministers should be satisfied by his policy, and he proceeded to draw up the allocution, on which he was determined, "in Latin of such involved construction that at first no one could understand the sentences." But one sentence soon became plain enough to all who read it. War with Austria the pope declared to be "abhorrent from our counsels," and Count Pasolini and his colleagues, on realizing the full meaning of this fatal declaration, at once resigned office.

The history of the next few days is not creditable to Pio Nono. He professed distress and astonishment at the interpretation which ministers had put on his words. He declared that since the Romans did not understand Latin, he must speak Italian; and he induced his ministers to remain at their posts by promising a new clearer and more satisfactory utterance. If Count Pasolini be not misinformed, he actually wrote a paper declaring that though he could not make war as pontiff, he could not decline to assist his subjects as prince; and he sent twice for the proof-sheets to show the draft of this paper to Count Pasolini. But the proofs never came. A stronger hand than that of Pio Nono undertook the work of revising them. Cardinal Antonelli, intercepting the document, corrected it in his own way; and Pasolini and M. Minghetti, finding the pope still opposed to war, insisted on retiring from the administration.

The pope's allocution — the fatal allocution, as the friends of Italy called it — justified and explained the step. The determination of the pope to take no part in the war not merely paralyzed the papal contingent, but it withdrew from the Italian cause the moral support of the pope's assistance. The Austrian ambassador, well aware of the consequences, said almost openly of his Holiness, "We have caught him now;" and, in fact, Radetzky was enabled, soon afterwards, to strike the blow which restored Austrian authority to Lombardy for another eleven years. The ministry itself rapidly dispersed. Cardinal Antonelli, who was succeeded by Count Mamiani, remained, indeed, at Rome. But M. Minghetti passed to the Piedmontese camp, and took his place in the ranks of the Piedmontese army, while Count Pasolini shortly afterwards moved to Florence, "whence he anxiously watched the progress of Roman affairs." They were by no means happy. Count Mamiani held the reins of government, but he did not enjoy the pope's confidence. Irresolute and vacillating as usual, sur-

\* As a matter of fact, General Durando at last crossed the Po on his own responsibility. But the movement was disavowed by the pope, and the troops declared rebels. See the Correspondence relating to the affairs of Italy, Part II, p. 421.

rounded by advisers whom he did not trust, Pio Nono again turned to his old friend, and sent message after message urging Count Pasolini to return to Rome. The count came, and obtained from the pope authority to entrust M. Minghetti with the formation of a ministry. M. Minghetti had a plain answer.

The dark and heavy question in my eyes is that of the war. Why have we stumbled? Because, when we wished for war, and had promoted it with all our strength, the Pope deemed fit, as a conscientious duty, solemnly to protest against it. In consequence of his act we drew back and all Italy knows it. Now, is the mind of his Holiness changed on this subject? Is the allocation still in force? or has it been with equal solemnity annulled? Can the Ministry oppose Austria openly and freely? Yes or no? This is the question. If we have to resume the reins of government under similar conditions to those in which we gave them up on May 1, I answer that my honor and my conscience forbid me to accept.

For one moment it seemed possible that the pope might yield. On July 14, two days after that on which M. Minghetti was writing his letter, the Austrians under Prince Lichtenstein crossed the Po and occupied Ferrara. The pope told Count Pasolini that "the question was obviously changed if the facts of Ferrara constituted a real aggression, and that he desired to defend himself. I encouraged him in this sense, entreating him . . . to call his people to arms in defence of their country. I told him that this is the right moment to make war." But the count's resolute advice was followed, as usual, by irresolute action. The pope declined to do anything without enquiring into the facts; and Prince Lichtenstein afforded him an excuse for inaction by withdrawing from Ferrara. The Roman Chambers called for war; the mob of Rome clamored for war, and Pio Nono had no answer for mob or Chambers but to invoke the benediction of God on the cause of Italy.

And, in fact, the pope in July had other reasons for refusing war than those which had weighed with him in February. In the interval a counter-revolution in Naples had enabled the king to withdraw his Neapolitan troops from the north. Piedmont and Lombardy alone stood in arms against the Austrian battalions, and on the field of Custoza proved no match for Marshal Radetzky's soldiers. The papal forces would have no longer been able to influence the result, even if they had been tardily authorized to take part in the cam-

paign. Yet the pope had to do something; his ministry enjoyed neither his own confidence nor that of his people; and, on Count Pasolini's advice, he decided on asking M. Rossi to form a ministry. M. Rossi undertook the task. But the Sanfedisti complained that his wife was a Protestant, that he was a member of the French Academy, and that some of his works were in the Index. Attacked by the press, ill supported by the pope, M. Rossi abandoned, for a time, the duty which had been entrusted to him. Two months afterwards, however, in September, amidst the increasing difficulties of the situation, he was persuaded to resume the work and form his ill-fated ministry.

The administration of M. Rossi was terminated on November 15 by the assassination of the minister in the Palace of the Legislature; and with his murder the last hope of forming constitutional government in Rome was extinguished.

As the news of the assassination spread, the city seemed overwhelmed with terror, though some misguided men rejoiced in the crime. . . . The Pope had lost confidence in those around him, and became more than ever inclined to leave Rome. On the night of November 24, 1848, he quitted the city dressed as a simple priest, and went to Mola di Gaeta, where he took up his residence under the protection and in the territory of King Ferdinand of Naples.

Rome deserted by its pontiff fell into the hands of the republicans. A constituent assembly, elected in defiance of the pope's brief, assembled in February, 1849, declared the papacy to be fallen in fact and in right, and established a Roman republic. The Roman republic, a few months afterwards, was terminated by French intervention.

Thus, in the spring of 1849, the visions of a free and united Italy, which had cheered and dazzled Italians in the spring of 1848, had faded into nothingness. Austria had re-established her grip on Lombardy; Bomba had resumed his brutal sway in Naples; the pope, restored to power by French bayonets, was pursuing, on Austrian advice, an autocratic policy; and even Piedmont, crushed by Custoza and Novara and the losses and the burdens of a fruitless war, was incapacitated from striking a fresh blow in the Italian cause. Venice alone, under the guidance of her great statesman, Daniele Manin, still held out against the Austrians; and, before the summer had closed, Venice was forced to yield in the unequal contest. The men who had gathered round

Pio Nono in 1847 were scattered throughout Italy, and Pasolini retired to a villa near Florence, which was always open to "honorable and generous Italians." There, in 1856, he received Lord Minto and Lord Russell.

Lord Minto and Lord J. Russell are here in Florence [so he wrote to M. Minghetti]. The former is enthusiastic for Italy, though I know not whether his views are clear, or whether he is likely to find out the truth. Lord J. Russell is very different, but I am not able to tell you anything of him as yet.

Ten days later, he again wrote to M. Minghetti, urging him to call on the English minister.

I am anxious you should see him. Many politicians are buzzing about him; but, after all their talk, my belief is that he has made up his mind there is nothing to be done. Minto is not of the same opinion. It must be remembered that the Italian question has become popular in England, and, supposing it served to bring on a ministerial crisis, the popularity of it would be enormously increased.

We shall have occasion, later on, to trace the further development of Lord J. Russell's opinion on the Italian question. In 1856 he was, at least, right in concluding that nothing was to be done in central Italy. The hopes of the Italians were fixed not on Rome but on Piedmont; and Lady Dalhousie's volume, from 1848 to 1860, has rather a personal than a political interest.

It is probably unnecessary to trace the history of Piedmont during this period with the same minuteness with which we have followed the policy of the Vatican from 1846 to 1848. The latter is almost unknown to English readers; the former, in its salient features at any rate, is understood in this country. And there are few passages in modern European history which deserve more attention from the historical student. In May, 1849, Piedmont, apparently crushed by disaster, opened, under a new sovereign and a new minister, a new page in her annals. Happily for her fortunes, the sovereign was Victor Emmanuel, whom Italy still remembers as the honest king. The minister was D'Azeglio, the author of the "Casi di Romagna."

D'Azeglio had not been a year in office when he decided on "abolishing the special ecclesiastical jurisdiction to which the clergy were alone amenable both in civil and criminal cases."

The law was passed, but it aroused such

fierce hostility on the part of a large section of the clergy that when Santa Rosa, the Minister of Commerce, died soon after, he was refused the last sacraments. . . . The vacant portfolio was offered by D'Azeglio to Count Cavour with the approbation of the King, who shrewdly remarked with a smile to his Prime Minister, "Look out what you are doing; Cavour will soon be master of you all."

The prediction proved the acuteness of Victor Emmanuel's vision. In November, 1852, fresh ecclesiastical legislation produced another ministerial crisis. D'Azeglio fell; and, after a fruitless attempt to form a conservative ministry under Balbo, Cavour became prime minister.

Cavour — we are summarizing Mr. Probyn's account —

set himself at once to carry out financial, military, and ecclesiastical reforms. The war had cost Piedmont about 300,000,000 francs. The interest on her debt before the war was about 5,000,000 francs; it had risen to about 30,000,000 francs. Her population was about 5,000,000, her resources limited and but little developed, her yearly expenditure nearly doubled. Cavour built his whole financial system on a free-trade basis, of which he was an avowed advocate. He concluded commercial treaties of a very liberal character with England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and France; nor did he hesitate to act on the principle that the best way to meet hostile tariffs was by free-trade legislation. While pursuing his policy of fiscal reform he favored in every way the spirit of individual and associated enterprise. He pushed on the railway communication of the kingdom. He was already in consultation with eminent engineers touching the project of a tunnel under the Mont Cenis. He aided national enterprise by lowering the duties on articles of first necessity to manufacturers and agriculturists. He favored the commercial marine by the repeal of antiquated restrictions. His commercial treaties were framed with the object of obtaining the freest intercourse with other countries. The more free that intercourse the better he was pleased. Military reform was left to the Minister of War, General La Marmora, who proved himself an organizer and administrator of no ordinary skill. Ecclesiastical reforms offered a yet harder task, which was not less resolutely undertaken and performed. The special privileges of ecclesiastics were finally abolished, and the clergy, like all other citizens, were made amenable to the ordinary tribunals. Civil marriage was established, mendicant and other orders were suppressed, or their numbers lessened. A special fund was created out of the revenues of the orders abolished, and was employed for the benefit of the parochial clergy, of those engaged in education, and other religious bodies who were rendering really useful service.

Such was the outline of the domestic legislation of this great minister. His foreign policy was even more remarkable. It perhaps is open to the criticism of selfishness. Italy, and Italy alone, was its object. It was for the sake of Italy that he involved his country in the dangers and in the glories of the Crimean war. It was with the object of bringing the case of Italy before the great powers that he took his seat in the Congress of Paris. It was with the hope of securing the aid of France that he favored the marriage of Princess Clotilde with Prince Napoleon. While the negotiations for the marriage were in progress, Pasolini happened to pay a visit to Turin, when he was introduced to Cavour at La Marmora's table. Pasolini had lived so long in quiet retirement at Florence and Ravenna that he had no idea that a wide and rapid "political movement" was spreading and maturing in the heart of Italy. He felt, so his son tells us, like a man "suddenly awakened to the sight of the avalanche ready to fall upon him," when Cavour, as he sat down opposite to him, said: "Now we have it; the marriage has been made on purpose. We make sure of aid from France, and all Italy is ripe for revolution." A few months afterwards Napoleon III. was making his memorable New Year's speech to the Austrian ambassador, and Victor Emmanuel was greeting his Parliament with the significant sentences: "Our country, though small in territory, has acquired credit in the councils of Europe, because it is great by the ideas it represents and by the sympathies it inspires. This state of things is not devoid of perils, for while we respect treaties we are not insensible to the cry of grief which comes up to us from so many parts of Italy." A few months later still Magenta and Solferino had liberated Lombardy, while the treaty of Villafranca had arrested the Franco-Italian battalions in the moment of their victory.

Pasolini met Cavour at Turin after the signature of the treaty. He was "overflowing with rage against Louis Napoleon. . . . 'Was he tired, or was it too hot for him?' he roared, throwing the inkstand violently aside." His annoyance was so great that, as Mr. Probyn reminds us, he retired from office, and was succeeded by La Marmora. The terms of the treaty justified his annoyance. Of all the benefits which the war had secured, nothing was left to Italy but a liberated Lombardy. Central Italy had shaken off the domination of pope and grand duke,

and central Italy was to be restored to its old masters. Venice and Milan "had been linked together in all the changes, hopes, and trials of the last sixty years," and Venice was "left beneath the domination of the foreigner. No Milanese, indeed no Italian, desired any settlement of Italy that did not include within it the freedom of Venice."

The feeling which was thus aroused in Italy and elsewhere was so strong that Napoleon had partially to give way. He

made it clearly understood that he would not by force restore the rulers of Tuscany, Modena, and the Roman Legations, nor would he allow others to use force for that purpose. The matter was to be left to the free choice of the citizens of those States. . . . Each of these provinces proceeded to elect representative assemblies which voted with complete unanimity against the restoration of their old rulers, and in favor of union with Piedmont and Lombardy. . . . The Emperor of the French tried in vain to persuade them that it would be best to restore the old rulers. In London, the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston declared very decidedly in favor of carrying out the wishes so clearly expressed by the populations of Central Italy.

Northern and central Italy were thus incorporated in one kingdom under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel. Cavour returned to office, and Italians understood that they owed as much to the moral support which they had received from the English Cabinet as to the active intervention of the emperor of the French. We have no space to describe, in this article, the negotiations which transferred Savoy and Nice from Piedmont to France, or the victorious campaign in which Garibaldi conquered the Two Sicilies for the kingdom of Italy. We are anxious to pass on from circumstances with which most Englishmen are familiar, to passages in Pasolini's memoir with which English readers are less generally acquainted. In March, 1860, Pasolini was nominated to the Senate, of which he became at once vice-president, and later on in the same year, on the resignation of D'Azeglio, he was selected as governor of Milan.

Pasolini remained at Milan from the autumn of 1860 to the spring of 1862; and there is ample evidence in Lady Dalhousie's pages that his administration was both popular and efficient. During this period, Italy lost the great statesman who, with a short interval, had conducted her government for eleven years. Cavour is universally recognized as one of the few great statesmen and diplomatists which



the nineteenth century has produced. His power may perhaps be seen by comparing the stability of his administration with the instability of his successors. Cavour was succeeded by Ricasoli; in nine months Ricasoli was replaced by Ratazzi; in eight months more Ratazzi gave way to Farini; Farini's ill-health led to the ministry of Minghetti; Minghetti was succeeded by La Marmora; La Marmora by Ricasoli. All these changes took place within five years of the death of the great statesman who had maintained his position in almost undisputed supremacy for more than twice that period.

The formation of Farini's ministry in the autumn of 1862 had a marked effect on Pasolini's fortunes. Farini is now chiefly known to English readers as the historian whose work has been translated into English by Mr. Gladstone. Years before, in 1848, he had received his first employment in the papal ministry at Pasolini's suggestion. As prime minister he placed his old friend and colleague at the head of the Italian Foreign Office. Mr. Probyn says that Pasolini "had but little inclination for the official work of a minister." He certainly availed himself of the opportunity, which Farini's retirement afforded him, of escaping from his duties. But in the few months during which he held the seals of the Foreign Office, he displayed a great, perhaps too great, activity. It was his ambition, to quote his own words, "to continue the policy of Count Cavour," and he certainly dealt with every European question from an exclusively Italian standpoint. At the very commencement of his administration he assured Prince Bismarck that, in the event of war between Prussia and Austria, "there need be no doubt of Italy, for she would always side with the enemies of Austria." The same consideration induced him to maintain the strict alliance between Italy and the two great western powers. The same consideration led him in March, 1863, to send Count Aresé on a special mission to Paris to offer the help of Italy in a war with Austria, for the cause of Poland, and to urge "the emperor to decide on some operation to be conducted in conjunction with Italy." The negotiations which in consequence took place will be found detailed in Count Pasolini's pages. Their history seems to us to afford an instructive lesson. The increased power which the events of 1859 and 1860 had given to Italy had removed an old danger, and produced a new one. The chronic revolutions in Lombardy, in

the Legations, and in the Two Sicilies, had ceased; but Italy, conscious of her greater weight and disappointed hopes, was ready to convulse a continent in war for any object which might facilitate the conquest of Venetia.

This characteristic of Italian politics was not terminated by the illness of Farini and the retirement of Pasolini. M. Minghetti, who succeeded to the first place in the Italian ministry, pursued the policy of his predecessor. The times seemed ripe for further changes in the map of Europe. Poland was again engaged in a death-struggle for freedom. Russia and Prussia were agreed in putting down the rebellion; and the western powers were vainly endeavoring by diplomatic measures to secure terms for the Poles. Napoleon was reviving his favorite idea of a European congress, and Italy saw to her consternation that there was some possibility of her exclusion from a congress summoned to revise a treaty (that of Vienna) in which she had no part. M. Minghetti consequently decided on sending a special mission to Paris and London, and, in order to give the mission special weight, to entrust it to Pasolini, the ex-foreign minister. Pasolini was not only instructed to urge that Italy should take part in any congress which might be held; he was also authorized to promise, if war were decided on, Italian aid. As the price of her assistance, she was to receive Venetia in exchange for the Danubian principalities, which it was thought the Turks might be induced to concede to Austria.

Pasolini reached London towards the end of July, 1863. He found that neither Lord Palmerston, the prime minister, nor Lord Russell, the foreign secretary, believed "in the probability either of the congress or of a war." Lord Palmerston, indeed, "had no repugnance to the idea of war," but he "thought there should be no war for Venetia unless Italy could carry it through single-handed; 'otherwise,' said he, 'the emperor, who had already obtained Nice, would be sure to ask you for something more.'" Lord Russell, on the contrary, though "averse from war, gave his opinion that within two or three years some expedient would be found for restoring Venice to Italy." He told a friend that he would not "object to let Austria herself take Poland, provided she would leave Italy wholly free."

From London, at M. Minghetti's desire, Pasolini went to Paris. He found the emperor "affable and very communi-

cative;" "disgusted with Austria," but avoiding a quarrel; disinclined to "meddle with the Roman question;" and "perhaps not sorry for our difficulty about Venetia, which keeps us somewhat dependent upon France."

This Emperor, full of uncertainties, will not move or settle anything. He is like a man standing motionless in the dark for fear of knocking his head against a post.

Yet, before many months were over, Napoleon felt himself forced forward. "Alienated from England, and fearing lest Italy, in her impatience to obtain possession of Venice, might attempt some rash enterprise," he resumed his favorite project for a congress in Paris. The proposal was at once accepted by Italy and Rome. It was rejected by England "so uncourteously and contemptuously as to induce the other powers to decline." But the English refusal did not at once divert the emperor from his purpose. He thought that Pasolini should return to London, should "sound Palmerston once more, in order to ascertain, although he declines the congress, whether he will enter into the combination" which Italy desired for the liberation of Venetia. Sorely against his will, Pasolini accordingly returned to London in December, 1863. At that time a new question, that of Denmark, was disturbing the peace of Europe. The Danish difficulty was drawing the Cabinets of London and Paris a little closer to each other. But, while the emperor was thinking chiefly of Poland, England was mainly occupied with Denmark; and Italy, though acting with the two great western powers, cared for Venice and Venice alone.

"Pasolini's word is general war for general remedy," so said the English politicians, and it was substantially true. . . . Failing the congress, Italy could do no otherwise than fan the flame of European combustion, and trust that the fortunes of war would put her in possession of her rights.

A change, however, unfavorable to the Italian cause, had come over the English Cabinet. In the summer Lord Palmerston had seemed not indisposed for action, and Lord Russell averse from war. In the winter Lord Palmerston was different . . . from what he was in summer, and touchy . . . towards France."

He repeated his favorable assurances of the accord between France and England in regard to Venice; adding, however, that, under the actual circumstances of the Danish question, it would be inopportune to trouble Austria by any immediate move.

Lord Russell, on the contrary, had become more warlike since the summer, and assured Pasolini "confidentially of his willingness to enter into combination with France for this negotiation (about Venice)."

The emperor Napoleon, whom Pasolini again saw on his way home, was even more unsatisfactory. One of his ministers remarked:—

You will never bring him to any decision, unless it be forced upon him by unexpected events; for he has no settled purpose of his own.

Thus the two missions on which Pasolini was employed produced few or no results. French and English statesmen, while they were talking to Pasolini about Italy, were really thinking of Poland and Denmark. The emperor was irritated at the reluctance of English statesmen to intervene actively in Poland. He might perhaps have been tempted to join England in defending Denmark against aggression, but he would probably have exacted a price for his co-operation which English statesmen were hardly prepared to pay. Nothing accordingly was done. In the course of Pasolini's first conversation with Napoleon, indeed, the emperor casually made a remark which proved his perspicacity:—

Have I not told you the thing more than once already? Austria and Prussia are now in accordance, but not for long. They soon will have to fight, and then will be Italy's opportunity.

A little more than two years afterwards the prediction proved true. The Seven Weeks War broke out. True to her policy Italy threw in her lot with Prussia, and though her army was defeated, after a severe struggle, at Custozza, and her fleet was beaten by an inferior force off Lissa, the success of the Prussian battalions forced the Austrians to cede Venetia; and Venice "and the Quadrilateral became integral portions of the Italian kingdom."

It is a striking proof of the confidence reposed in Pasolini's judgment that Ricasoli, who was then prime minister, at once selected him to represent the crown in the liberated city. "No one is more worthy than yourself," he wrote, "to be the first representative of Italy in beautiful Venice." The new commissioner entered Venice on October 20, 1866. Late in the following month he accompanied the king in his public entry into the city.

Lord John Russell was then in Venice, and came to view the pageant from our windows in Palazzo Corner. When my mother saw this old friend appear with the tricolor upon his breast, she said, "Fort bien, milord! nos couleurs italiennes sur votre cœur!" He shook her by the hand and answered, "Pour moi, je les ai toujours portées, Contesse. Je suis bien content de vous trouver ici aujourd'hui. C'est un des plus beaux jours de notre siècle." Somebody then said to Lord Russell what a pity it was that the sun of Italy did not shine more brightly to gild the historical solemnity. "As for that," said he, "England shows her sympathy by sending you her beloved fog from the Thames."

Pasolini resigned his commissionership on the fall of Ricasoli's administration in the following spring, and for the next nine years lived in retirement. In February, 1876, M. Minghetti, who was then in office, conferred on him the presidency of the Senate. "Your colleagues wish it," he telegraphed; "ministers unanimously entreat you. His Majesty rejoices to appoint you. Impossible to refuse." The king immediately afterwards wrote to him: "You will do me a personal favor by accepting the presidency of the Senate. The ministry join in the desire." Thus urged, Pasolini at once accepted the office. One reason only made him hesitate to do so:—

He foresaw that some time or other there might be discourses made in Parliament against the aged Pontiff, and that the President might be expected to convey disrespectful sentiments. On this subject he plainly declared, "If anything unbecoming were expressed to Pio Nono, such words should not be spoken by me."

The stipulation was honorably characteristic of the man who had begun life as the pope's friend and adviser; and it is a pleasure to add that the regard which Pasolini still felt for the pope was reciprocated by his Holiness. "Was I not right?" Pio Nono said when he heard of his old friend's nomination to the office. "Even Victor Emmanuel, when he wants a good man, is obliged to turn to one of my old friends."

We have availed ourselves freely of Lady Dalhousie's volume to illustrate some passages in modern Italian history. Of Count Pasolini himself we have little more to say. Every page of this memoir proves that he was a good, honest, and able man. But many passages in it also prove that he lacked the force and decision which are required in great ministers. If, however, he failed to acquire distinction himself, he was throughout his life the friend of distinguished men; and the

publication of his correspondence, as we have shown, frequently throws fresh light on their opinions and on their policy.

In winning freedom and union for Italy many Italians played a great part. History will not easily forget the assistance rendered to her by such men as D'Azeglio with the pen, or by heroes such as Garibaldi with the sword. But, when the story of the regeneration of Italy is finally told, the historian will perhaps concentrate the lights and shadows of his narrative on the characters of two sovereigns and of two statesmen, on Victor Emmanuel and Pio Nono, on Manin and Cavour.

The characters and careers of these four men influenced to a marked extent their country's fortunes. Both Pio Nono and Victor Emmanuel began their long reigns with a fervent ambition to remedy the evils under which Italy was laboring. Both of them were honest, single-minded, and sincerely anxious to do right. On Pio Nono's election to the papal throne, everything seemed to favor the cause of moderate reform which he endeavored to promote. The unpopularity of his predecessor's administration, the enthusiasm excited by his own measures, the active support of M. Guizot and M. Rossi, the moral support of Lord John Russell and Lord Minto—all these things were in favor of gradual and hopeful progress. Victor Emmanuel, on the contrary, ascended the throne under circumstances calculated even to make strong men despair. His country's armies had just been decisively defeated; his country's finances were disordered by the cost of an unfortunate war. If the horizon in Rome in 1846 had been bright with the dawn of a better day, the heavens over Piedmont in 1849 had been black with clouds.

Yet, while the bright dawn of 1846 was soon succeeded by storm, the star of Piedmont speedily shone clear from among the clouds of 1849; and the result, in each case, was largely due to the characters of the two sovereigns. Both of them were in favor of the same measures, but each of them pursued a different course. True to his principles, Victor Emmanuel, from the very first, threw himself on his people, and built his throne anew on the firm foundation of popular support. False to his convictions, frightened at the shadow of his own policy, Pio Nono had not the courage as prince to support the policy which he had accepted as prelate. His fears produced the very evils which had aroused his apprehensions. Forced, after M. Rossi's assassination, to fly from

Rome, he saw in his exile the institution of a Roman republic.

But even greater interest attaches to the careers of Manin and Cavour than to those of Victor Emmanuel and Pio Nono. Both men were statesmen of the highest order. Manin, after his remarkable administration and defence of Venice, died in exile. Cavour, after a still more memorable career, died in office, the first minister in Italy. Manin never lived to see the fruits of his own labors. Cavour enjoyed the success of his own policy, though he was not spared to witness its completion. On Manin's career Pasolini's memoir is almost silent. The story of his life must be sought in other pages. The character of Cavour is more familiar to modern Englishmen. He may be briefly described as both the Peel and the Palmerston of modern Italy. His domestic policy, his bold reforms, his free-trade measures, remind us of the first of these statesmen. In his foreign policy, by the vigor of his conceptions, the tenacity of his purpose, the aptness of his language, and the promptness of his blow, he recalls some of Palmerston's most memorable achievements.

How successful his policy was, Italy to-day is a witness and a proof. We do not forget that in the crises which she has encountered during the present century she has been powerfully aided by her history and her position. Her traditions, her literature, her artists—as well as her valleys, her lakes, and her hills—have won for her the powerful sympathy of the civilized world; while the achievements of engineers, by leading a canal through the desert, and by piercing the St. Gothard and Mont Cenis, have made her, thrust by nature like a pier into the Mediterranean, the main highway between the eastern and the western world. But neither the traditions of a mighty past nor the accidents of a fortunate position would have made her the Italy of to-day, if, in the hour of her trial, she had not been true to herself. "A great nation," said Lord Beaconsfield forty years ago, "is that which produces great men." Tried by this test, modern Italy may boast that she has graduated in the world's university, and proved herself worthy of the freedom which she has won.

In stating that the experiment of a consolidated Italy has succeeded, we are not merely thinking of the material progress which Italians have made during the last quarter of a century. It is no doubt a noteworthy circumstance that Italy

should have already recovered from the sacrifices which she has made; that her budget shows "an excess of revenue over expenditure;" that her paper currency is no longer inconvertible and depreciated; and that her securities command nearly twice the sum on the stock exchanges of Europe which was asked for them a few years ago. Notwithstanding the poverty which some classes of her population are enduring, and the heavy taxation which a large debt and a high expenditure still require, there are proofs, which it is impossible to ignore, of the growing wealth of the whole nation. The traveller who visits the peninsula now may find many other symptoms of increasing prosperity. We have, however, less to do with the material progress of modern Italy than with the political success of the new kingdom. The work of liberal politicians in Italy and elsewhere, constitutional government has signally proved conservative in the truest and best sense of the term. Concessions and reforms have terminated the disorders to which Italy was a constant prey, and the *juste milieu* which Prince Metternich thought would inevitably lead to republican measures has proved the best defence against an Italian republic. Order now prevails where disorder once reigned supreme. Brigandage, if not entirely suppressed, is fast disappearing. A people, whose constant revolutions were continually disturbing the peace of Europe, are quiet and contented under constitutional rule; and the youngest of European kingdoms boasts that its throne is one of the firmest in modern Europe.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

NOTHING happened of any importance before their return to Eaton Square. Markham, hopping about with a queer sidelong motion he had, his little eyes screwed up with humorous meaning, seemed to Frances to recover his spirits after the Winterbourn episode was over, which was the subject—though that, of course, she did not know—of half the voluminous correspondence of all the ladies and gentlemen in the house, whose letters were so important a part of their existence. Before a week was over, all society was aware of the fact that Ralph

Winterbourn had been nearly dying at Markham Priory; that Lady Markham was in "a state" which baffled description, and Markham himself so changed as to be scarcely recognizable; but that, fortunately, the crisis had been tided over, and everything was still problematical. But the problem was so interesting, that one perfumed epistle after another carried it to curious wits all over the country, and a new light upon the subject was warmly welcomed in a hundred Easter meetings. What would Markham do? What would Nelly do? Would their friendship end in the vulgar way, in a marriage? Would they venture, in face of all prognostications, to keep it up as a friendship, when there was no longer any reason why it should not ripen into love? Or would they, frightened by all the inevitable comments which they would have to encounter, stop short altogether, and fly from each other?

Such a "case" is a delightful thing to speculate upon. At the Priory, it could only be discussed in secret conclave; and though no doubt the experienced persons chiefly concerned were quite conscious of the subject which occupied their friends' thoughts, there was no further reference made to it between them, and everything went on as it had always done. The night before their return to town, Markham, in the solitude of the house, from which all the guests had just departed, called Frances outside to bear him company while he smoked his cigarette. He was walking up and down on the lawn in the gray stillness of a cloudy warm evening, when there was no light to speak of anywhere, and yet a good deal to be seen through the wavering grayness of sky and sea. A few stars, very mild and indistinct, looked out at the edges of the clouds here and there — the great water-line widened and cleared towards the horizon; and in the far distance, where a deeper grayness showed the mainland, the light of a lighthouse surprised the dark by slow continual revolutions. There was no moon; something softer, more seductive than even the moon, was in this absence of light.

"Well — now they're gone, what do you think of them, Fan? They're very good specimens of the English country-house party — all kinds: the respectable family, the sturdy old fogey, the rich young man without health, and the muscular young man without money." There had been, it is needless to say, various other members of the party, who, being quite unim-

portant to this history, need not be mentioned here. "What do you think of them, little un? You have your own way of seeing things."

"I — like them all well enough, Markham," without enthusiasm Frances replied.

"That is comprehensive at least. So do I, my dear. It would not have occurred to me to say it; but it is just the right thing to say. They pull you to pieces almost before your face; but they are not ill-natured. They tell all sorts of stories about each other —"

"No, Markham; I don't think that is just."

"Without meaning any harm," he went on. "Fan, in countries where conversation is cultivated, perhaps people don't talk scandal — I only say perhaps — but here we are forced to take to it for want of anything else to say. What did your Giovannis and Giacomos talk of in your village out yonder?" Markham pointed towards the clear blue-gray line of the horizon, beyond which lay America, if anything; but he meant distance, and that was enough.

"They talked — about the olives, how they were looking, and if it was going to be a bad or an indifferent year."

"And then?"

"About the *forestieri*, if many were coming, and whether it would be a good season for the hotels; and about tying up the palms, to make them ready for Easter," said Frances, resuming, with a smile about her lips. "And about how old Pietro's son had got such a good appointment in the post-office, and had bought little Nina a pair of earrings as long as your finger; for he was to marry Nina, you know."

"Oh, was he? Go on. I am very much interested. Didn't they say Mr. Whatever-his-name-is wanted to get out of it, and that there never would have been any engagement, had not Miss Nina's mother —"

"O Markham," cried Frances in surprise, "how could you possibly know?"

"I was reasoning from analogy, Fan. Yes, I suppose they do it all the world over. And it is odd — isn't it? — that, knowing what they are sure to say, we ask them to our houses, and put the keys of all our skeleton cupboards into their hands."

"Do you think that is true, that dreadful idea about the skeleton? I am sure —"

"What are you sure of, my little dear?"



"I was going to say, O Markham! that I was sure, *at home*, we had no skeleton; and then I remembered —"

"I understand," he said kindly. "It was not a skeleton to speak of, Fan. There is nothing particularly bad about it. If you had met it out walking, you would not have known it for a skeleton. Let us say a mystery, which is not such a mouth-filling word."

"Sir Thomas told me," said Frances with some timidity; "but I am not sure that I understood. Markham! what was it really about?"

Her voice was low and diffident, and at first he only shook his head. "About nothing," he said; "about — me. Yes, more than anything else, about me. That is how — No, it isn't," he added, correcting himself. "I always must have cared for my mother more than for any woman. She has always been my greatest friend, ever since I can remember anything. We seem to have been children together, and to have grown up together. I was everything to her for a dozen years, and then — your father came between us. He hated me — and I tormented him."

"He could not hate you, Markham. Oh, no, no!"

"My little Fan, how can a child like you understand? Neither did I understand, when I was doing all the mischief. Between twelve and eighteen, I was an imp of mischief, a little demon. It was fun to me to bait that thin-skinned man, that jumped at everything. The explosion was fun to me too. I was a little beast. And then I got the mother to myself again. Don't kill me, my dear. I am scarcely sorry now. We have had very good times since, I with my parent, you with yours — till that day," he added, flinging away the end of his cigarette, "when mischief again prompted me to let Con know where he was, which started us all again."

"Did you always know where we were?" she asked. Strangely enough, this story did not give her any angry feeling towards Markham. It was so far off, and the previous relations of her long-separated father and mother were as a fairy tale to her, confusing and almost incredible, which she did not take into account as matter of fact at all. Markham had delivered these confessions slowly, as they turned and re-turned up and down the lawn. There was not light enough for either to see the expression in the other's face, and the veil of the darkness added to the softening effect. The words

came out in short sentences, interrupted by that little business of puffing at the cigarette, letting it go out, stopping to strike a fusee and relight it, which so often forms the byplay of an important conversation, and sometimes breaks the force of painful revelations. Frances followed everything with an absorbed but yet half-dreamy attention, as if the red glow of the light, the exclamation of impatience when the cigarette was found to have gone out, the very perfume of the fusee in the air, were part and parcel of it. And the question she asked was almost mechanical, a part of the business too, striking naturally from the last thing he had said as sparks flew from the perfumed light.

"Not where," he said. "But I might have known, had I made any attempt to know. The mother sent her letters through the lawyer, and of course we could have found out. It was thrust upon me at last by one of those meddling fools that go everywhere. And then my old demon got possession of me, and I told Con." Here he gave a low chuckle, which seemed to escape him in spite of himself. "I am laughing," he said — "pay attention, Fan — at myself. Of course I have learned to be sorry for — some things — the imp has put me up to; but I can't get the better of that little demon — or of this little beggar, if you like it better. It's queer phraseology, I suppose; but I prefer the other form."

"And what," said Frances, in the same dreamy way, drawn on, she was not conscious how, by something in the air, by some current of thought which she was not aware of — "what do you mean to do now?"

He started from her side as if she had given him a blow. "Do now?" he cried, with something in his voice that shook off the spell of the situation and aroused the girl at once to the reality of things. She had no guidance of his looks, for, as has been said, she could not see them; but there was a curious thrill in his voice of present alarm and consciousness, as if her innocent question struck sharply against some fact of very different solidity and force from those far-off, shadowy facts which he had been telling her. "Do now? What makes you think I am going to do anything at all?"

His voice fell away in a sort of quaver at the end of these words.

"I do not think it; I — I — don't think anything, Markham; I — don't — know anything."

"You ask very pat questions all the same, my little Fan. And you have got a pair of very good eyes of your own in that little head. And if you have got any light to throw upon the subject, my dear, produce it; for I'll be bothered if I know."

Just then, a window opened in the gloom. "Children," said Lady Markham's voice, "are you there? I think I see something like you, though it is so dark. Bring your little sister in, Markham. She must not catch cold on the eve of going back to town."

"Here is the little thing, mammy. Shall I hand her in to you by the window? It makes me feel very frisky to hear myself addressed as children," he cried with his chuckle of easy laughter. "Here, Fan; run in, my little dear, and be put to bed."

But he did not go in with her. He kept outside in the quiet and cool freshness of the night, illuminating the dim atmosphere now and then with the momentary glow of another fusee. Frances from her room, to which she had shortly retired, heard the sound, and saw from her windows the sudden ruddy light a great many times before she went to sleep. Markham let his cigar go out oftener than she could reckon. He was too full of thought to remember his cigar.

They arrived in town when everybody was arriving, when even to Frances, in her inexperience, the rising tide was visible in the streets, and the air of a new world beginning, which always marks the commencement of the season. No doubt it is a new world to many virgin souls, though so stale and weary to most of those who tread its endless round. To Frances, everything was new; and a sense of the many wonderful things that awaited her got into the girl's head like ethereal wine, in spite of all the grave matters of which she was conscious, which lay under the surface, and were, if not skeletons in the closet, at least very serious drawbacks to anything bright that life could bring. Her knowledge of these drawbacks had been acquired so suddenly, and was so little dulled by habit, that it dwelt upon her mind much more than family mysteries usually dwell upon a mind of eighteen. But yet in the rush and exhilaration of new thoughts and anticipations, always so much more delicately bright than any reality, she forgot that all was not as natural, as pleasant, as happy as it seemed. If Lady Markham had any consuming cares, she kept them shut away under that smiling countenance, which was as bright and

peaceful as the morning. If Markham, on his side, was perplexed and doubtful, he came out and in with the same little chuckle of fun, the same humorous twinkle in his eyes. When these signs of tranquillity are so apparent, the young and ignorant can easily make up their minds that all is well. And Frances was to be "presented"—a thought which made her heart beat. She was to be put into a court-train and feathers, she who as yet had never worn anything but the simple frock which she had so pleased herself to think was purely English in its unobtrusiveness and modesty. She was not quite sure that she liked the prospect; but it excited her all the same.

It was early in May, and the train and the court plumes were ready, when, going out one morning upon some small errand of her own, Frances met some one whom she recognized walking slowly along the long line of Eaton Square. She started at the sight of him, though he did not see her. He was going with a strange air of reluctance, yet anxiety, looking up at the houses, no doubt looking for Lady Markham's house, so absorbed that he neither saw Frances nor was disturbed by the startled movement she made, which must have caught a less preoccupied eye. She smiled to herself, after the first start, to see how entirely bent he was upon finding the house, and how little attention he had to spare for anything else. He was even more worn and pale, or rather gray, than he had been when he returned from India, she thought; and there was in him a slackness, a letting-go of himself, a weary look in his step and carriage, which proved, Frances thought, that the Riviera had done George Gaunt little good.

For it was certainly George Gaunt, still in his loose gray Indian clothes, looking like a man dropped from another hemisphere, investigating the numbers on the doors as if he but vaguely comprehended the meaning of them. But that there was in him that unmistakable air of soldier which no multi can quite disguise, he might have been the Ancient Mariner in person, looking for the man whose fate it is to leave all the wedding feasts of the world in order to hear that tale. What tale could young Gaunt have to tell? For a moment it flashed across the mind of Frances that he might be bringing bad news, that "something might have happened," that rapid conclusion to which the imagination is so ready to jump. An accident to her father or Constance? so bad, so terrible, that it could not be

trusted to a letter, that he had been sent to break the news to them.

She had passed him by this time, being shy, in her surprise, of addressing the stranger all at once; but now she paused, and turned with a momentary intention of running after him and entreating him to tell her the worst. But then Frances recollected that this was impossible; that with the telegraph in active operation, no one would employ this lingering way of conveying news; and went on again, with her heart beating quieter, with a heightened color, and a restrained impatience and eagerness of which she was half ashamed. No, she would not turn back before she had done her little business. She did not want either the stranger himself or any one else to divine the flutter of pleasant emotion, the desire she had to see and speak with the son of her old friends. Yes, she said to herself, the son of her old friends—he who was the youngest, whom Mrs. Gaunt used to talk of for hours, whose praises she was never weary of singing.

Frances smiled and blushed to herself as she hurried, perceptibly hurried, about her little affairs. Kind Mrs. Gaunt had always had a secret longing to bring these two together. Frances would not turn back; but she quickened her pace, almost running, as near running as was decorous in London, to the lace-shop, to give the instructions which she had been charged with. No doubt, she said to herself, she would find him there when she got back. She had forgotten, perhaps, the fact that George Gaunt had given very little of his regard to her when he met her, though she was his mother's favorite, and had no eyes but for Constance. This was not a thing to dwell in the mind of a girl who had no jealousy in her, and who never supposed herself to be half as worthy of anybody's attention as Constance was. But, anyhow, she forgot it altogether, forgot to ask herself what in this respect might have happened in the mean time; and with her heart beating full of innocent eagerness, pleasure, and excitement, full of the hope of hearing about everybody, of seeing again through his eyes the dear little well-known world, which seemed to lie so far behind her, hastened through her errands, and turned quickly home.

To her great surprise, as she came back, turning round the corner into the long line of pavement, she saw young Gaunt once more approaching her. He looked even more listless and languid now, like a man who had tried to do some duty and failed,

and was escaping, glad to be out of the way of it. This was a great deal to read in a man's face; but Frances was highly sympathetic, and divined it, knowing in herself many of those devices of shy people, which shy persons divine. Fortunately, she saw him some way off, and had time to overcome her own shyness and take the initiative. She went up to him fresh as the May morning, blushing and smiling, and put out her hand. "Captain Gaunt?" she said. "I knew I could not be mistaken. Oh, have you just come from Bordighera? I am so glad to see any one from home!"

"Do you call it home, Miss Waring? Yes, I have just come. I—I—have a number of messages, and some parcels, and — But I thought you might perhaps be out of town, or busy, and that it would be best to send them."

"Is that why you are turning your back on my mother's house? or did you not know the number? I saw you before, looking — but I did not like to speak."

"I — thought you might be out of town," he repeated, taking no notice of her question; "and that perhaps the post —"

"O no," cried Frances, whose shyness was of the cordial kind. "Now you must come back and see mamma. She will want to hear all about Constance. Are they all well, Captain Gaunt? Of course you must have seen them constantly — and Constance. Mamma will want to hear everything."

"Miss Waring is very well," he said, with a blank countenance, from which he had done his best to dismiss all expression.

"And papa? and dear Mrs. Gaunt, and the colonel, and everybody? Oh, there is so much that letters can't tell. Come back now. My mother will be so glad to see you, and Markham; you know Markham already."

Young Gaunt made a feeble momentary resistance. He murmured something about an engagement, about his time being very short; but as he did so, turned round languidly and went with her, obeying, as seemed, the eager impulse of Frances, rather than any will of his own.

From Temple Bar.

CONSTANCE ALFIERI, MARQUISE  
D'AZEGLIO.

THE name of Azeglio is almost as well known in England as it is in Italy. The

graceful and chivalric figure of Massimo d'Azeglio, artist, romancist, patriot *sans peur et sans reproche*, will always have its distinct niche in the pantheon of Italian liberators, while his memoirs (*I miei Ricordi*) will be remembered not only for their manly tone, and for some exquisite bits of description of artist life in the hills near Rome, but also as about the first book written in Italian as it is spoken — the most simple of all tongues, and the most unlike the stilted language literary men have thought good to make it. His nephew, the Marquis Emmanuel, was till lately one of the best known and most popular members of London society, and his personal influence, during his long tenure of office, first as Sardinian and then as Italian representative at the court of St. James's, contributed not a little to the maintenance of that benevolent attitude on the part of English ministers which helped forward the cause of Italian independence more than perhaps will ever be made known. Indeed the Marquis Emmanuel's influence over Lord Palmerston seems to have been a subject of ceaseless anxiety to the Duc de Persigny, who complained piteously to Lord Malmesbury that the English premier was no longer the same man, and let himself be entirely led by D'Azeglio, placing a blind faith in all he told him. Without going so far as to believe this, there is no doubt that the utmost sympathy and good understanding existed between the two.

Those who possessed the Italian diplomatist's confidence were favored, on some rare occasions, by his reading to them the very remarkable letters he was in the habit of receiving from his mother, who sought to serve him and her country by keeping him *au courant* of the inner working of the development of the Italian question, furnishing him from month to month, and from week to week, with news which he could neither obtain from the newspapers, nor from his government, which last seems to have been singularly economical in the matter of affording information to its foreign envoys. The marquis has now given to the world a selection from this long correspondence, which stretched from 1835 to 1861, when his mother fell ill of her last illness. The collection which has thus been made public, is interesting from many points of view. It is as it were a journal of the Italian movement from its beginning to very near its end. It allows us to see what was thought of its great men before they had become great; it shows what

were the hopes and fears, the impressions and reflections of every day. Of course the writer as a Piedmontese of the Piedmontese has her mind concentrated on the particular issue of events for her own particular fatherland. In this she may be acquitted of narrowness, because she was profoundly convinced that Piedmont was the sheet anchor of Italian salvation, and that by no other means than by the advancement of that state could the peninsula throw off its bondage. But the mental position assumed by her, or rather the very atmosphere in which she existed, prevented her from understanding the value and significance of efforts towards Italian unification which ran any chance of compromising the safety of the Sardinian monarchy. With this remark we have done with criticism, and we may add, before proceeding to examine the letters, that perhaps their chief merit is after all that of introducing us to one whom they prove to have been a very noble woman.

Constance Alfieri, eldest daughter of the Marquis Ch. Emmanuel Alfieri, was born in 1793. At the age of twenty-two she married the Marquis Robert d'Azeglio, elder brother of Massimo, at that time serving in a cavalry regiment. In 1821 he was aide-de-camp to the Prince of Carignano, and after the abortive movement in which Charles Albert was mixed up, he was counselled for a time to reside abroad. This sort of precautionary exile, which lasted five years, was passed agreeably enough at the house of the Marquis Alfieri, who was Sardinian ambassador in Paris. After her return to Turin in 1826, the Marquise Constance does not seem to have again gone abroad, her life being divided between that city and the country-seat of the D'Azeglios, called the Roccolo.

The "Letters" give us a first glimpse of her at the *lazzaretto* of the cholera patients during the epidemic of 1835. Her son, who was but nineteen, and had not yet entered his profession, was sent for safety to his grandfather's château at Asti, an arrangement against which he was disposed to protest, but in which he had to acquiesce. As soon as this had been done the Marquise Constance, who was in the country, started to rejoin her husband at Turin, where the disease was rapidly increasing. "On arriving I did not find your father," she writes; "he was on the field of honor." These first letters are characterized by the unstudied elegance of composition that marks the whole correspondence. The marquise may have been sometimes in a hurry; certainly she

wrote not unfrequently in moments of severe strain mental and bodily; but her pen always flows with the same well-educated grace, the same balanced equanimity, which veils, though it does not conceal, the current of deep feeling that often underlies her words. The correspondence is entirely written in French, which at the time the marquise was young was the exclusive language of the upper classes in Piedmont, when they did not make use of the racy *patois* affected to the last by Victor Emmanuel.

At what date Robert d'Azeglio and his wife came to consider themselves the servants of the poor and suffering does not transpire; but for the whole time covered by these letters, whenever there were sick or wounded to be nursed, orphans to be taught and succored, poverty to be alleviated, ignorance to be enlightened, they hastened to their post, with unaffected and business-like punctuality, as the banker hastens to his bank if there be a momentary crisis, or a ship-owner to Lloyd's after a storm at sea. In the first fever and demoralization of the cholera outbreak they were almost the only people who kept their heads perfectly cool, the Marquis Robert only finding fault with the praise, which seemed to him excessive, that was given to his devotion.

Your father [writes the Marquise] complains that one cannot try and do a little good without Bergnif [Piedmontese for the devil] wanting to interfere. He thinks that a great deal of noise is made about nothing, for it seems to him that having undertaken the care of the sick, all that he does is purely obligatory. If the sick succumbed for want of some attention he might have given them, he would justly reproach himself.

The worst was, that nearly all the patients died, coming as they did from the ill-nourished, poorest class, in spite of all the care that was lavished on them. The people firmly believed that the doctors were paid to kill them. Each doctor, it was said, received two hundred francs from the king for every patient he killed. "I can assure you," said a *spirituelle* great lady to her washerwoman who told her the story, "that you are not worth as much!"

Emmanuel d'Azeglio's first diplomatic appointment was at the Hague, and his mother's letters addressed to him at that capital treat of somewhat less sombre subjects than occupy the first pages; though, to say the truth, Turin during the early part of Charles Albert's reign offered no lively topics. A blight had fallen on society. "There is a ball at court to-

morrow," the marquise writes, "but I do not know if that can be reckoned a pleasure." She does not herself greatly care about the prevailing dullness, but she wishes for something better for her neighbors. The arrival of Thalberg, to whose concert she did not go, fearing that it would evoke too sad memories of a lately lost daughter who was an admirable pianist, gives her the text for some remarks on German and Italian music, which are worth quoting as a concise expression of the difficulty the Italian ear has in appreciating the former.

We want that music which finds an echo in the soul; which makes us dream of that which is no longer, or of that which is yet to come; and transports us into the ideal instead of making you reckon up notes or calculate chords as though music entered into the exact sciences. Certain musicians delight in resolving problems in harmony as if it were algebra.

It needs perhaps to be born north of the Alps to know the serene contentment arising out of one of these worked-out problems: a fugue of Bach's, for instance. Thalberg, by-the-by, bore a curious resemblance to the Marquis Emmanuel.

The idea of a marriage is brought upon the carpet. The young lady, a native of Holland, was extremely rich, and a Protestant — two things which, taken together, did not commend the match to the marquise, for she said, "being of a family eminently Catholic, we should give ourselves an air of inconsequence, levity, and even hypocrisy in making principles yield to interest." Nor was it possible for her with her profound religious convictions, untainted though they were by bigotry, to think that such a union would result to her son's happiness. He seems to have readily deferred to her judgment, as she soon after calls down upon him the blessing promised to obedient and respectful children. That the sacrifice was not severe may be gathered from a note in which he says, "It seems that marriage was decidedly not my affair, as every time I missed one, I never regretted it."

Every now and then the marquise returns to the subject of matrimony — to persuade, not to dissuade. When she hears of the appearance of the first gray streaks on the diplomatic head, she writes:

Your thoughts will change color as well as your hair. What I desire for you is that you should succeed in making for yourself an interior where your heart may rest. One sickens of everything except of those simple joys to which one is happy to return when weary of all that the world can offer of intoxication.



She speaks of the sadness of a lonely old age: "In isolation one does not escape one's share of troubles; they are only of a different nature."

The Marquis Emmanuel has proved, however, an incorrigible bachelor. The last of his race, the name of Azeglio will die with him.

The editor of the correspondence gives a few of his own letters written while on a mission to St. Petersburg in 1847. He was accompanied by his spaniel, Maître Gibollin — his constant fellow-voyager for fifteen years, to whom, on his lamented decease, he erected a tomb at his château of Lagnasc. We suspect that Gibollin had a good deal to do with his master's resignation in face of the breakdown of matrimonial projects. What could a man want more than so discreet and (we will be bound to say) sympathizing a companion, who, for the rest, never let out a diplomatic secret in his life? Furthermore, the marquis was to learn at St. Petersburg that an ambassador's wife may be the source of no small uneasiness to her inferior half.

It was notified to him, soon after his arrival, that his presentation to the emperor Nicholas was to take place at the country palace of Peterhof, a similar notification being received by M. and Madame Barboza, representing the empire of Brazil, whose acquaintance he had made during the voyage from Stettin. This worthy couple had heard by chance of the destined invitation at the English ambassador's the day before; and from that moment they had been unable to eat, drink, or sleep. At five in the morning monsieur was up, though he had not retired to rest before two, till which hour he was occupied in making sure that the horses were ready for the morrow's excursion. At six he was dressed in full uniform with all his orders; at seven the start was made. The marquis found him at Peterhof in the depths of low spirits, seated by a long bare table, with the look of a man who expects momentarily to be condemned to death. He had eaten nothing (he was too meek to ask), and the reception was not to take place till three. The marquis ordered some *café au lait* and induced him to swallow half a cup, the other half being administered through the door to madame, who was engaged on her toilette in a neighboring room. The question was, was she to wear a long dress or a short one? Monsieur decided for the train. "You see," he said, "people think us a sort of monkey because we come

from America; I shall make a point of proving that we have as much common sense as the rest." Presently he continued, "You are happy, my dear marquis, to have none of these things to think of. A wife is a corn on one's toe; a corn which makes itself felt in the midst of the pleasures of a good dinner, agreeable music — in short, in an ocean of delights. And then, anxiety is a dreadful thing. My wife has quite changed since yesterday; she is covered with black spots — the result of emotion!"

The marquis refrained from observing that they would not show much, so deep an olive was the lady's complexion. Monsieur was of the same hue, only instead of being thin he was fat.

A master of the ceremonies now announced that the costume should be without a train, so the toilette had to be made all over again. Monsieur consulted the marquis as to whether he ought to present a letter, with which he was charged, with a gloved or ungloved hand, and the marquis did not know.

"It all comes," said monsieur in despair, "because I left the Brazils on a Friday."

One is glad to hear that the graciousness of the imperial reception set these good souls at rest, and that they finished the day calm and triumphant.

The marquis finds something fresh to say of an expedition to Nijni Novgorod, and gives a revolting, but not otherwise than instructive description of a visit paid to a highly-thought-of saint in the convent of Troitzza, when he acted as escort to two aristocratic ladies, one being the Baroness Seebach, Nesselrode's daughter, who were desirous of consulting the oracle. The saint in question was a horribly unclean idiot, wont to express himself in untranslatable language. In fact the narrator had been chosen to accompany the ladies because, while he could act as their protector if necessary (and sometimes it was quite needful to have one), he could not understand the drift of the holy man's utterances.

It is a pity that we find none of the marquis's letters sent home during his long residence in England, though if persons still alive are photographed after the fashion of M. and Madame Barboza an unrevised publication would be scarcely desirable. But such seems not likely to have been the case, as the marquis soon acquired so much sympathy for England and the English as to cause his mother to warn him not to imagine that certain

virtues are to be only found out of one's own country. In Piedmont, she says, "an immense deal of good is done by people in spite of a thousand obstacles which do not exist in England, where the law is respected, and respects those who respect it, which is unfortunately not true here," and she cites the persecution encountered, especially from the Jesuits, by those who have tried to set up schools in their villages — ladies, in some instances, who have constituted themselves schoolmistresses, not having enough money to pay the salary of one. Happily the day is past when education meets with opposition on any inch of Italian soil.

The period of 1848-9, with its passionate hopes, its white-heat enthusiasms, and its bitter disillusion, stands out in colors which are vivid and true. We are reminded of that admirable and sympathetic picture presented of it by another woman who loved Italy as truly as any of Italian blood, and who, from her "Casa Guidi windows," witnessed the great upheaval of a nation that had seemed dead, and its subsequent collapse, even as of the patient who, attempting too soon to rise after a mortal malady, falls fainting to the ground. But the standpoint from which Mrs. Browning saw those wonderful scenes was Florence, that of the Marquise d'Azeglio was Turin; and when the end came, though it brought to Turin material losses infinitely greater than those suffered in Tuscany — a defeated army, a bankrupt exchequer, a broken-hearted king — it did not bring a prince supported by Austrian bayonets; tears it brought indeed, but without the blush of shame.

The marquise would not give up all hope.

We are very sad [she writes]. I had rather that the cholera had come than what has actually befallen us. There is only one thought that sustains me; it is that, though as far as we are concerned the goal has been completely missed, and all our struggle in vain, there is a Power whose aim does not miss, and that is Providence, which has made itself too sensibly felt in these circumstances for it to have been without design. They say "the same favorable conditions will never be repeated." Who knows? A year ago things did not look favorable. We must therefore submit, wait, and prepare.

These last words were the motto of the next ten years. Cavour might have inscribed them on his own flag. Good Marquis Robert contributed his quota to the work of preparation; whether in the Senate or in the streets, or with his pen in

the newspapers, he was ceaselessly active in the cause of patriotism and order, and his acquaintance with and influence over the poorer classes were frequently called into requisition in moments of excitement, when there were demonstrations to be organized or passions to be restrained. When the statute was granted, he had brought forward and passed the measure for the emancipation of the Jews, which won for him the compact adherence and support of their community. He was never so happy as when organizing some monster children's *fête*, which the royal family would grace with their presence. Speaking of one of these occasions, the marquise says, "The spectators wept, for the sight of children always moves the heart." Again and again in the course of these years arose the shout of "*Viva Casa Zei!*"

There was hardly a family but felt the rebound of the national losses in personal privations, and after the war the D'Azeglios, who did not choose to reduce their benefactions, were obliged to regulate their establishment on a strictly economical basis. They gave up keeping horses, and dismissed all but one servant, "though it costs a pang to turn people out of doors in times like these." There was even a question of selling the marquise's diamonds, but a purchaser was not forthcoming. For her, a quiet life did not entail much self-denial. Always an honored guest at court when she cared to present herself, she had long abstained from party-going in the ordinary sense. Commenting on her son's accounts of the splendor of English receptions, she says she would like to see it all, but without being seen.

I am too old now to renounce what are the greatest comforts at my age, comforts in habits and dress. The pleasures you seek in the evening and at night, I find in the calm landscapes of the dawn, the picturesque sunrise, the breath of the balmy morning air, the contemplation forever renewed of the beauties of nature. One soon tires of artificial pleasures, never of Nature.

Happy they who feel it to be so. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the world that most people tire of so soon as of the beauties of nature.

In 1850 Massimo d'Azeglio, then president of the council, persuaded his sister-in-law to emerge from her retirement to do the honors of his *salon*. It was characteristic of his transparent simplicity, that after having got her consent, he could not hide his uneasiness as to how his

grand *fête* would go off under her ægis. "He had seen me so long in a chrysalis state that he doubted whether I could rise to the condition of butterfly." However, as the honor of the family was concerned, "J'ai fait mon *utmost*" (*sic*); the diamonds (which had not been sold) created a sensation, and the fifteen hundred guests were highly satisfied with their welcome. After one o'clock, the marquise retired and dancing began, which was continued till six, the president of the council finally seating himself at the piano, "a feat of which Lord Palmerston would not have been capable."

Though living apart, the marquise enjoyed the intimate society of Balbo, Lisio, Lamarmora, Cavour, Collegno—all more or less related to her. Her early notices of Cavour will be read with curiosity. In 1852 she writes:—

Camille inspires no sympathy, although justice is done to his talents. But he has a way of going on which disgusts everybody who has to do with him. Nevertheless I think one should overcome these antipathies when it is a question of one who may render service to the country.

She tells how the king, alarmed at the course his minister had entered upon, exclaimed, "M. le Comte, you have £6,000 a year, and whatever comes, it does not matter to you; but understand that I do not wish to end my days as my father did." Later the marquise writes:—

Cavour seems to me to be a terrible man. He has arranged affairs in such a way that only he can manage them, and to remain at his post he exacts that our fate should be wholly placed in his hands.

Later still, on the eve of the war of 1859, she asks: "Is Cavour mad, or is he not?"

History has answered; but the record of these misgivings is of value as showing how completely the great statesman stood alone, without one undoubting supporter, even in Piedmont, even among his own kindred.

"The war brought with it new duties to the courageous old lady, now in her sixty-seventh year, and nobly did she fulfil them.

I have to own that my work at the military hospitals so absorbs me that even Italian independence ranks second in my thoughts; it is that the one can get on without me, while I have to set the other going—a hard task. We have six Piedmontese hospitals, which comprise all the Austrian wounded, and three French where our intervention has been desired. All this organization falls on your father and on me, and it gives us enough to do.

The French were unprovided with even the barest ambulance necessities. Some of the marquise's greatest friends were among the young Austrian wounded, though she could not understand a word that they said. "They are so good, simple, patient, submissive, pious. I think that everywhere soldiers are the best part of the population."

The marquise saw pass by the deputations, one after another, of the ransomed provinces which hailed Victor Emmanuel their king. At last when Naples had joined the rest, Robert d'Azeglio says, writing to his son:—

We may soon die satisfied and enter, head erect, that other world where there awaits us already so goodly a band of liberators. Let us rejoice then, and admire this prodigious combination of prudence and daring, wisdom and folly, fortune and misfortune which has presided over the most magnificent and the most incredible political metamorphose that has ever or that perhaps will ever find a place in the history of peoples. It is so dazzling a spectacle that one thinks it a dream, and it would be hard to believe it had it not been presented in a series of marvellous facts before our eyes. What subjects for history, for poetry, for art, in the ages that are to come! What heroic, eccentric, despicable, and grotesque figures in the crowd that traverses the scene, working good or evil, order or confusion, great and noble exploits in national liberty, or vile and treacherous intrigues of princely hypocrisy and despotism!

The last letters speak of Cavour's death, rendering ample justice to his memory, and recalling the profound sorrow created by his loss. Then the time came for the writer herself to go hence, in the fulness of days. The Marquise Constance died in April, 1862, her husband following her in the December of the same year.

"I remember," says Massimo d'Azeglio in his "Ricordi,"

having been in winter at my brother's house, after dinner, in that moment of the dusk when a person who is no longer very young or active feels a want of repose. The school hour struck; Robert said to his wife, "Let us go." Her face betrayed what it cost her, poor woman. She rose, not without a slight sigh, and in no matter what weather, fog, or snow, or rain, she went forth to be shut up all the evening in a little-ventilated and not fragrant atmosphere.

It is in this that consists true merit. At their death, their bier was followed by a crowd of children, accompanied by their parents, all of the poorest class, whose hearts inspired them to render the last honor in their power to those who in their lives had thought of their welfare.

E. MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
MIDSUMMER IN THE SOUDAN.

DONGOLA, 21st June, 1885.

It is midsummer, and a quiet Sunday in camp. The bugle has just sounded the three G's announcing noon. Three thermometers, hanging over or placed upon the table at which I write, agree in marking 100° Fahr. But there is no sensation of extreme heat, even when the fitful breeze ceases to stir the air. Sparrows are hopping about in the sunlight and chirping merrily. Soldiers in the neighboring huts are talking and laughing cheerily. "In the Gloaming" is being sung by an orderly with a not unsympathetic voice, and the intervals between his snatches of song are filled by one of our servants whistling as he works. A pony has just neighed in that subdued way which marks content in the equine mind. A dove has lit on the river bank before my door, and coos softly with an evident sense of placid enjoyment. Some native boys are splashing in the water, and their shrill voices mingle with the cry of a plover that flits backwards and forwards above the stream. The sound of oars attracts me to the door, and I see some of our men bringing a boat across from the opposite sandbank. Neither in man, bird, nor beast can I trace any sign of that want of energy, that exhaustion, and that suffering which I have seen in the fierce summer heats of India and on the sultry shores of the Gold Coast, and which should be manifested here were the summer in the Soudan such as it has been described by the dismal spirits who have vented their groans in public.

I do not for a moment pretend that all days are like this. The first four days after my arrival here on the 4th June were, by universal consent, the worst four consecutive days of this present summer. From noon till nearly six in the evening the mercury in my hut stood at 108° Fahr. A hot wind blew without cessation from sunrise to sunset, carrying with it clouds of dust, that filled the air, penetrated between the reeds of our huts, and covered us and all we possessed with fine powder. The week before leaving Kurot we had organized sports for each day. The aquatic sports, the athletic sports, and the tug of war came off satisfactorily. Friday was to have been the race meeting. Our steeplechase course was made, and there were plenty of entries for steeplechases, flat races, and camel races. Five o'clock was the hour named for the first race. But at twenty minutes to five

there came upon us, with a roar and a sudden darkness, a dust storm, that drove every one to shelter, and made racing impossible. The field officer of the day succeeded in posting his piquets, but lost his way scarcely half a mile from camp, and after some wandering wisely waited till the storm was over, when he found himself nearly four miles from camp. The sergeant-major of a mounted corps lost his way between the enclosure where we kept our grazing camels and his hut, and slept out in the desert, returning in the early morning. That dust storm will long remain in all our memories. It was such a dust storm that the writer of a recent article entitled "Summer in the Soudan" evidently had in his mind when he described "men and animals huddled together with veils over their heads, awaiting with patience, with their tails turned towards a storm, the subsidence of the wind." Oh! my dear Blackwood, where was your editor's pen? Natural selection has not yet supplied camels with veils, and has deprived men, even Soudanese natives, of their tails.

The fact is that summer in the Soudan, like most things in this life, has its good side and its bad; the good or the bad predominating according to the temperament of the individual, or according to his determination to make the best or the worst of things as they are. And on the whole, I think any true soldier must have been proud of the way in which our troops set themselves to make the best of everything. The outlook when we settled down for the summer at our riverside camps from Merawi to Dongola was not encouraging. We were in tents, and the thermometer was rising daily. The prospect of a summer spent in great heat, with the reasonable certainty that the commissariat would fail to supply the full ration; with the knowledge that the carrying power on the line of communications was barely equal to the weight demanded for food alone; with the clothes of officers and men in rags, and boots worn out; with Cairo, the nearest point where luxuries could be obtained, so far away, by both distance and time, that the Frenchman of the comedy could not wish his mother-in-law further; with England a long three weeks' post distant — this was not a cheery prospect to face. But, with rare exceptions, officers and men faced it in the best possible spirit. The persistent grumblers were few. They were confined to one camp, and to one regiment in that camp. The Guards set a good ex

ample. They had the most to lose and the least to gain by remaining out here. They had had more than their share of fighting and of genuine hardships in the desert. Whenever the order of release should come, they would go home to first-class quarters in England. And they not only did not grumble, but by their good-humored chaff in the newspaper started by them at Dongola, showed their opinion of those who did. Reading the pitiful grumbling in some of the English papers, and recognizing whence it came, I was forcibly reminded of a remark I once heard in my boyhood at the Woolwich mess. A young officer, lately joined, and known to be the son of a poor officer's widow, was grumbling at the flavor of some one of the many and excellent dishes provided for dinner, when an old officer seated near said in his and our hearing, "I always notice that the men who grumble most about food at mess are those who, when their mother gives a tea-party at home, have to live for a week on the sandwiches and jellies that are left." It was rude, but it taught his young friend a lesson that neither he nor any of us who heard it were likely to forget.

Hutting the troops seemed an almost Herculean labor until it was fairly faced. But before long the men were in full swing of brickmaking, and we learnt to our great surprise that after all there is no special difficulty in making bricks without straw. Most assuredly there was no straw, nothing but pure unadulterated Nile mud, in the bricks of which our troops made their huts. At first it was not found easy to make bricks which would not crack in drying; but officers compared notes, and by-and-by the best size and the right thickness were found, and regiments turned out their five and six thousand bricks a day, good solid cakes of sun-dried mud, that, with mud for mortar, built good solid huts, in which in some cases arched doors and windows of quite a high order of architecture formed conspicuous features. Mud huts were, however, in our camp at Kurat the exception, not the rule. Had we waited till all the troops were housed within mud walls, our task would never have been ended, and our troops never housed. So every conceivable effort was made to procure straw mats and poles. It seemed at first impossible that from the narrow strip of cultivation between Debbah and Abu Gus, to which we were restricted for our purchases, lest we should poach on other people's preserves, we could ever draw

material enough for our wants. We were compelled to make our purchases through the native local authority, a black gentleman who had in the previous autumn been conspicuous as an obstructive, and it did not appear as though this woodless country could produce the poles or these scattered hamlets the straw mats which we wanted not in hundreds but in thousands. But the power of the purse prevailed. A price was paid, probably four times as great as the native mind had ever conceived, leaving beyond doubt a handsome surplus to the seller after the native authority had taken his share; and seller and authority alike combined to supply our wants. The usual tricks of the dishonest dealer were tried. Mats for which at starting so much apiece was paid grew gradually smaller; and until this was found out, and they were unrolled and bought by the yard, the weight was made up by stones placed inside. But, by one method or another, we succeeded in getting eight thousand mats, and between eighteen and nineteen thousand poles; and before the middle of May every officer and man in the camp was hutted.

The same dishonest tricks marked the native dealings in the market we established; flour, milk, and butter were the chief vehicles for cheating. What was professedly wheaten flour was always freely mixed with dhourra flour; milk was watered in a way that would have put the most unblushing dairyman of Chalk Farm to shame; and when the basis of cow's milk or goat's milk fell short, the dusky matrons have more than once been seen filling the empty bowls from their own personal profusion. Butter was originally priced in the market tariff at so much a ball, this round ball being a well-known size. But the ball rapidly diminished, and when a sale by weight was introduced, the amount of stones and dirt in the centre of the ball rapidly increased. Decidedly the Soudanese native is not that guileless creature distance from civilization should have made him. Give him wheat to grind at home, and he will bring back the flour half dhourra. Give him unbranded cattle to drive from one station to another, and in the course of a week they will degenerate in size from well-grown oxen to calves, by the constant changing that has taken place on the way. So rich had they become before our retirement, that the women would no longer part with their silver or ivory ornaments at any price whatever, and even the greasy leather girdle that forms the sole dress of a vir-



gin fetched a sum which would purchase a silver chatelaine in St. James's Street.

I have been watching these Soudanese riparian villagers for many months now, and do really believe, if they were let quite alone, they would be as happy as any people in the world could be, if happiness consists in having all one's wants fulfilled and all one's tastes gratified. Their tastes are so sweetly simple. They take the mud from the river bank, the poles from the mimosa in the neighboring desert, the stalk from their first crop, and their house is built. They want neither professional builder, nor architect, nor mason. They go naked, and are not ashamed; or they clothe themselves with cotton cloth woven in their own homes, from the cotton grown in their own fields. The bountiful Nile supplies their chosen drink. The simplest labor converts the river bank, year after year, into a fertile granary that gives them wheat, dhourra, duku, and dates. If one man's tastes are rather more towards labor than his neighbor's he grows rich, buys land, slaves, cattle; but when he has become rich he lives as the poorest, except that he has more wives, and they have more ornaments. His food, his drink, and his clothing remain the same. And, watching them, one grows to understand how to them, and to the Arab of the desert, whose life is of equal simplicity, Mahomet could find no other luxury to offer in heaven than plurality of wives, and why Osman Digna promised to all those who died fighting for the faith a hundred and fifty hours in place of the orthodox seventy-five. With wealth, it is true, they purchase slaves; the slaves work, more land is cultivated, more of the same crops are grown, and more wives are bought. I should be sorry to hazard a guess at the number of wives our money has gone to buy already up the Nile, from those bought nine months ago by Koko, the chief of the Second Cataract, to the last purchases of Hashm el Moos at Khartoum. But who can grudge the sheikhs their acquisition? Do they not generously and hospitably offer them as gifts to the passing stranger to beguile the weary hours?

Having begun this paper by jotting down in succession the various sounds of the camp as they struck my ear, I am now jotting down my thoughts as they occur. A noise of laughter and splashing has just attracted me to the door, and this is what I saw. A man and a boy were endeavoring to force a cow into the water. She stood on the bank, her forefeet firmly

planted in the mud, her body thrown back, steadfastly resisting. The man, up to his waist in the water, was trying to pull the cow in by a rope fastened round one horn which he pulled, tugged, and violently jerked. The boy on the bank was beating the cow with a palm branch, and when that proved useless twisted her tail. Finally, by the aid of another man, the cow was forced into the river and dragged out of her depth. Then the first man seized her horns and swung himself across her neck, the boy jumping on her back, and so they thoroughly ducked her. I suppose it was very much for the cow's good, but the process was not to the animal's liking. It strikes me the Soudanese dwellers on the banks have been treated in much the same way, and are likely to be so treated for many a long year to come. All they want is to be left alone, and that is precisely what every one is agreed they shall not be. We are now professing to leave them to themselves, but it is too late. Half a century of government by the kourbash and oppression by the Bashi-Bazouk have reduced them to a condition of serfdom. All pluck and manly spirit has been crushed out of them, and they will sullenly obey the first strong man who comes with force among them. They will not make as much resistance as the cow. If even one fraction of the stories I have heard be trustworthy, they are in a state of abject degradation which is almost without parallel. To illustrate my meaning I will state what I have constantly been assured here is strictly true. When a Bashi-Bazouk was sent on duty from one station to another, he would enter a village towards sundown, while the men were away and only the women at home. Choosing the house of the sheikh, or chief villager, he would hang up his fez at the door and enter the house. From that moment the owner of the house dared not enter. Having passed the night there, hospitably entertained by the women of the family, the Bashi-Bazouk would send for the sheikh in the morning and ask him for his present. And not till he had received money would he relieve the village of his presence.

We are leaving the Kasheef of Debbeh to rule one district, and the Melik of Argo to rule another, and so on. But when these very rulers themselves have been reduced to such a condition as shown above, what chance is there of their resisting any man who, like some of the sheikhs of the desert Arab tribes, really is a man? The fame of the money

lavished by the English has spread far and wide through the desert. The money, it is natural to suppose, is here in one shape or other among these river villagers and their sheikhs. What more absolutely certain than that the warlike tribes of the desert will come to seek it as soon as we have departed? I am not going to venture upon any political forecast, and am only thinking of the inevitable certainty that these unfortunate people will not be allowed to remain in peace, but must become a prey to a stronger and more independent race. Before we came they were an abject people, poor and oppressed, but protected by the troops of their oppressors. We have taken away the oppressors, and in doing so we have taken away the only protection of the oppressed. We leave them rich instead of poor, and as abject as ever. What can be their fate but to find new oppressors?

It has always seemed to me a great pity and a sad mistake that when an expedition into an unknown, or little known, country is decided upon, the government does not commission men learned in natural science to accompany it. I know that an archæologist was sent with Lord Napier's expedition to Abyssinia; but neither on the Gold Coast, where we traversed the marvellous primeval forest of the equator, nor in South Africa, where we entered mountains believed to be rich in minerals, and passed through the forest of the Oliphant River, full of splendid timber, nor here, where the desert and the river valley both offered remarkable fields for investigation by the naturalist and the geologist, has any man of science accompanied our troops. It is not so with French expeditions, for the French recognize that after a war is forgotten, and its results are effaced by fresh political combinations, the fruits of the labor of the man of science remain a lasting benefit to mankind. I have often longed for a good practical geologist to explain to me the common sights of the desert—to tell me how on the tops of hills came those great fragments of petrified trees, which it is difficult to believe are not mere wood till their weight proclaims their conversion. There are the outer bark, the concentric rings of the wood, the fibre looking as though it had but yesterday been broken from the tree. Sometimes one comes across pieces of the pith from the head of the tree, looking fit to be eaten; for this pith or heart of the top shoot of a date-palm is a delicacy, though, I fancy, few people have tasted it. Most travellers in

southern Spain have eaten the heart of the palmetto, which is sold on the platforms of the railway stations, and is a favorite morsel with the people. But to partake of the heart of a date-palm you must cut down or destroy the tree; and it is only in war, and even in war only when a signal punishment has to be inflicted, such as it was my duty to inflict on Suleiman Wad Gamr, that so barbarous an act is likely to be committed. And so it came about that I have tasted this rare delicacy, which possesses the flavor of a filbert, with a far more tender and delicate aroma, and less solidity.

Then there are the desert marbles, exceeding in beauty and variety of color all I have seen elsewhere. There was a delicate purple vein in the side of a wady under which we slept one night that would have made the fortune of an Italian lapidary. The dead lay thick among rocks of pure white alabaster on the top of the ridge at Kirbekan. How, too, and when, were those masses of pudding-stone formed, which were quarried to build the pyramids of Belal? Was this once a great sea, which I find now shingly beach, and blocks of concrete formed of layers of shells embedded in cement? To me, in my ignorance, it is all a mystery. Is this wonderful desert of so little value that no geologist thought it worth his while to come, and the Geological Society sent no representative? I want to be told, too, what strange powers do these plants possess that grow in the burning sand, far from the very thought of moisture; what animals are these that burrow here, and that leave their footprints everywhere. These tracks on the clear fine sand afford an inexhaustible source of interest. There was one that puzzled me for many a long day, though it was very common. Everybody I asked attributed it to a lizard, till at last the mystery was solved. It was the track of one of those black beetles that stand on their fore legs and roll round balls backwards with their hind legs. I caught her at it—her, is it, or him? I believe the balls are used to hatch eggs in. In England the male beetle would, I suppose, prepare the ball for the lady and roll it about, but out here the ladies work and the men look on. Had the illustrators of our old pictorial Bibles had a little more experience of Arab life, they would have drawn Joseph riding the ass, and Mary walking beside him carrying the child.

But I need not go further than my own hut for interesting studies in natural his-

tory. I will begin with the mice, because they are the most numerous. The hut, I should premise, is made of tall stalks of deekhu, a kind of millet, bound by native grass rope to a framework of mimosa poles. Round the edge of the hut, inside, is a wall of mud bricks, about a foot high, useful, first, for preventing dust from blowing in under the stalks; and, secondly, as a safeguard against fire, as it catches cigarette ends and half-extinguished matches when thrown away. All day long the mice are running about chasing each other along this little wall, or climbing up the poles and eating the heads of grain which still remain on the stalk. They are most impudent and audacious. They come on my writing-table while I am at work, and eat the biscuit crumbs after my morning cup of tea. They climb into the lantern and eat the candle. Yesterday some grease was spilt on my blotting-paper, and this morning they ate the paper up. They run over my feet, and one has been bold enough to eat crumbs of bread placed on the toe of my slipper. Next to the mice, the lizards are in a majority; the big ones with uniform coloring and transparent orange-colored tails, the little ones with brilliant stripes and bright blue tails. They are very combative. The big ones, I hear, eat the little ones. There is a little one without his tail cruising about my mat at this moment; probably his tail has been eaten. This morning we saw two lizards fight. They seized each other, with their mouths, in the back or side, and bounded and flung themselves about. In the end, both apparently exhausted, for they panted violently, they sidled away from each other, and retired, each with his back arched exactly like that of an angry cat. But as a rule they are peaceably disposed, and are welcome visitors, for they eat up the little ants which bite and the flies which annoy. On the other hand, the little black ants eat up the large white ants, which swarm here, making their mud galleries up the poles and stalks, eating through the mats on the floor, and compelling us to erect stands for baggage and to remove our effects constantly. Then there are the rats — quiet, inoffensive creatures that run round the hut and live on good terms with the mice and the lizards. There are not many of them. Next among my companions come two toads most friendly and familiar. For a long time I thought there was only one; but one day I was watching that one, when flop there fell from the wall to the ground another, and the two went off together

with heavy, clumsy jumps, as if they were shotted like Mark Twain's frog. They live in the daytime in holes in the ground under the wall beside my table; in the evening as it grows cool they come out. This morning I watched one of them returning to its cool retreat. Hitherto I had always seen them go in head foremost into a rather large hole; but this one let itself in backwards into a smaller hole beside the other. It was evidently a work of some difficulty, and involved much puffing and blowing and movement of the eyelids until by a series of jerks it was accomplished. Finally, there is a snake. I have not seen him, but my aide-de-camp, who lives in one end of the hut, has, and says he is black and about three feet long. I confess that the snake's presence disturbs me. The thick stalk roof over my head is incessantly rustling with the movement of mice, or rats, or lizards, and any unusual commotion there causes an uncomfortable sensation, and makes me look up nervously. He is probably perfectly harmless, but then, on the other hand, he may not be so; and, however remote the chance of his doing any harm, he is, and will always remain I fear, the one incongruous and disturbing element in our otherwise happy family. Going further afield there are many animals of interest. At Kurot we had constant fox-hunts, and here we have had one or two good runs. At Kurot we twice killed in the open. Here our fox has always got away. There is one fine, strong, handsome, dark fox that we know well, but he is not likely to let us get the better of him. Two or three mornings ago we saw three buck in the desert, less than two miles from our huts; and gazelles have frequently been observed in the early morning on the flat grassy plain which we call Newmarket Heath. Here, too, for the first time, I have seen the gerboa, an animal like a diminutive kangaroo, which flits over the plain like a ghost as the shades of evening close in.

The birds of the Soudan are both numerous and beautiful. The scarlet dhourra bird is not here now, he will return with the crops; but we have the hoopoe with his beautiful crest, the bee-eater with his lovely coloring of green and bronze, the skylark with his cheery song, kingfishers white and black, plovers and terns. At Hamdab there was a black stork. Ibises, pelicans, and other water birds were in profusion in the colder weather. I rode one morning into a flock of over sixty wild geese in a field of young wheat.

Sandgrouse in large flights come down to the sandbanks to drink, and fall an easy prey to the gun. Seventy-three were shot here by one party a day or two ago. Nightjars flit silently about in the dusk. All these birds and beasts seem to have led a very happy life, and until we came here were perfectly fearless. One might walk close up to the sandgrouse, the wild geese awaited patiently on the water for the sportsman's arrival, for the native harms them not. There are some lovely little birds that are the natives' especial pets, brown and snug, like small robins, but less pugnacious. The male has a crimson lake colored head, throat, and breast, with dark green wings. I am told they are a species of *avadavat*. Whatever they be, they are charming little creatures. They build in the roofs of the native huts and hop about the rooms with perfect freedom and complete absence of fear. It is rather sad to think that even the birds will be the worse for our having come here, and no one in the world the better after we have gone. Even the doves have not been safe; they are very beautiful, of a soft brown color, shot with purple, and with a dark ring round the neck. The Englishman, shooting for the pot, has not spared them. "What a lovely morning, let us go out and kill something!" is the creed here, as wherever else the northern sportsman sets his foot. But when we have gone the birds will grow tame again and multiply. To them our going will be an unmixed good.

We are living in clover now, for we are eating up the surplus luxuries, and bacon, oatmeal, rice, and dates are issued as rations. Fresh vegetables, however, are growing scarce. Tomatoes are over. Cucumbers and onions have grown disagreeably large. *Bahmia*, a glutinous pod full of round seeds of a pleasant bitter flavor, is fairly abundant. Pumpkins still exist. The sweet melons on which we have been feasting will soon be a thing of the past, as the river is fast covering up the melonbeds on the sandbanks. For the Nile is rising, and has risen in all forty inches since the 9th June, the last day on which the nilometer marked a fall. The last inhabitant in Dongola leaves it to-morrow. A fortnight more and we shall be leaving too, and following the remainder of our stores, now being rapidly cleared out of Abu Fatmeh, down the swollen river.

By the end of the month Ramadan, of which ten days have already passed, the natives tell us our steamers will be able to descend the cataracts. By the middle of August, for most of us at least, summer in the Soudan will only remain as a memory. Looking at it now, I can confidently assert it has not been a time of exceptional hardship. There was a short period when the troops did not live in luxury. The meat was lean and poor, the bread coarse and heavy. Tea, that greatest of all campaigning luxuries, failed us for a while; and coffee was a poor substitute, for there was no sugar, and ration coffee without sugar is not a palatable drink. But it was only for a short time. Marvellous efforts were made to bring up supplies, and by the time we were all huddled our rations were complete, clothing and boots had reached the men, and instruments and music had arrived. Our letters and papers never failed us; the parcel post brought tobacco and cigarettes, and other small luxuries from Cairo. Looking back on other campaigns, I can honestly say there was no hardship in this, in the true sense of the term, when once the return from the desert was accomplished. In that desert march, in which I had not the honor to share, I believe true hardship was known. I have heard of private soldiers giving a sovereign for a drink of water; of a corporal giving his watch and chain for one. But with that exception there was nothing of which to complain. The officers who wrote grumbling letters to the press were men who had mistaken their profession, and should have stayed at home with their mothers. For to those of us who have known what it was to pass the summer heats marching and in tents in the plains of central India, where in some corps one man in every five died of heat apoplexy, or who have seen a march in the awful atmosphere of the Gold Coast, the heat and the dust of the Soudan summer were but as child's play. And the friends of those whom duty compels to remain stationed at Halfa and at Assouan may rest assured, on the word of an old campaigner, that the man who will rise early, live temperately, and not shirk taking exercise, will be as healthy there as in England, and will find the climate of the Soudan his friend, and not his enemy.

HENRY BRACKENBURY.

From The Leisure Hour.  
THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NEALE, LATE BRITISH  
CHAPLAIN AT BATAVIA.

II.

My former paper described some of the effects of the eruption in the city of Batavia; I shall now try to give some idea of the immense destruction caused on the western shores of the island. Java is divided into twenty-three Dutch residences — similar to our English counties — and it was in one of these, called Bantam, that the chief havoc occurred. It was some little time after the catastrophe before the full extent of the calamity was realized, but each day brought with it more gloomy tidings than the last. At length we began to realize the worst. Some fifteen miles or more of the coast had been inundated by the gigantic wave, which had swept over an extent of country several miles in width. Houses, trees, and people had been literally washed away, and the towns of Karang, Merak, Anjer, and Tji-ringin, with many other smaller native villages, had been completely destroyed. Of these places Anjer was the most important. It was a busy, thriving seaport, where sailing vessels frequently called for instructions, and also for supplies of food and water. On the voyage from England to China it was the first place sighted after rounding the Cape, and it was no uncommon thing for captains to call there to learn what the ultimate destination of their vessels was to be.

The Straits of Soenda, lying between Java and Sumatra, form the great highway to the east, and are generally full of shipping. A large number of vessels passed through on the two days of the eruption. Some of them had very startling experiences and narrow escapes, but fortunately no serious damage either to life or property occurred at sea. This is the more a matter for thankfulness when we consider the peculiar dangers to which the shipping in the neighborhood was exposed. First there was the intense darkness caused by the shower of ashes, then the destruction of the lights on the coast, and, above all, the entire change in the main channel through which the ships had to pass. Several small islands, including a portion of Krakatoa itself, disappeared during the outburst, while others were uplifted from the deep and appeared for the first time above ocean level. The whole coast line of western Java was so changed in appearance that experienced captains could

scarce recognize it again. A little island in the centre of the Straits, called by the Dutch *Dwars in den weg* (Athwart the way), was split into five pieces, with the sea rolling between.

On Monday morning, when the great wave burst upon the shore, the strong stone lighthouse at Anjer was washed away, and at the time of my visit to the place there was no trace even of the foundations to be seen. The man in charge had kept bravely to his post until the last. In the early morning, when he found the sun obscured and the darkness coming on, he had relighted his warning beacon. One of his duties was to telegraph to Batavia the passing of each vessel. This he did regularly until the end, and his last message on that fatal morning was to tell how an English schooner was then sailing through the Straits on her way to Batavia. Long before that vessel reached her destination the faithful lighthouse keeper had been swept away. All honor to men such as these, who at duty's call keep true to their trust and die bravely at their posts.

Batavia is a great shipping centre, vessels coming there from all quarters to bear away the Eastern produce. From the captains of some of the British ships I gleaned much interesting information relating to their passage through the Soenda Straits at the time of the eruption.

The captain of an American vessel told me some of his experiences. He had a cargo of kerosene oil on board, which caused him no little anxiety when he found himself in the neighborhood of an active volcano. He found the Straits in total darkness, with strong glare and flames near the summit of Krakatoa, with very heavy reports like the discharge of cannon. He encountered the storm of ashes at its worst, and his decks, masts, and rigging were completely covered. At one time he considered himself in such danger from the falling stones and lava that he sent his men below, battened down his hatches, and alone remained on deck to steer his vessel past her dangerous surroundings.

Another captain whom I met was in an amusing state of concern at not being able to reach his destination. He told me that after thirty-three years at sea he had never been in such a fix before. He had sailed from London with instructions to call at Anjer for further orders, and had reached Java only to find the place in question had been destroyed. He had reluctantly sailed on to Batavia without orders, and hoped



he had not done wrong. The idea of telegraphing to his owners had never occurred to him, and he seemed really grateful for the suggestion, and at once acted upon it.

The master of another vessel which came to anchor in the Batavia roadstead early on the Monday morning gave me the following account of how he landed for the first time in Java. "I had never been here before, and everything was quite strange to me. I had been told earthquakes and volcanic eruptions frequently occurred, so that I was not much surprised at hearing the loud shocks and reports during the previous night. We dropped anchor in the roadstead in the morning, and when the Dutch guardship sent a boat off to us, we learnt from the coastguardsmen that they thought there was an eruption somewhere. Soon afterwards I decided to go on shore, and had my boat out for the purpose. We were lying some distance out, so that we had nearly three miles to come up to the wharf. We had not gone very far before the shower of ashes commenced. Then the darkness came on—gradually at first, and then as black as night. I thought I had come to a strange place at last, but one of my men said he had heard it was often like this near Batavia. It soon grew so black that we could not make out how to steer. Then, after a time, we discovered that the lamps in the lighthouse had been lighted, just as if it were night, and all the vessels at anchor put out lights at the masthead. The fall of ashes continued so thickly that I made for the nearest vessel, and went on board to wait till it was over. The captain, who was also a stranger to the place, supposed that there was an outbreak of a volcano in the neighborhood, and when, after a time, it grew lighter, he accompanied me on shore. We had only just landed in Batavia, about noon, and had scarcely gone a hundred yards from the wharf when we heard shouts and cries behind us. Looking around we found the water in the canal leading from the sea breaking over its banks and flooding the streets. We had just time enough to get out of the way, but both of us had a narrow escape. Our boat was washed right up into the street, and the wave, when it broke over the quays, must have been quite three feet in height."

The Dutch government took every possible precaution to prevent accidents to shipping as soon as it was known that the Soenda Straits had altered in conforma-

tion. Two men-of-war were at once despatched, and took up their stand at either end of the main channel, warning every vessel that passed.

One of the steamers thus warned was the *Roma*, belonging to the British India Company, having some six hundred emigrants for Queensland on board. The captain told me that he had found the Straits full of lava, pumice, and floating *débris*, and, saddest of all, many dead bodies. So thick was the floating ash through which he had to steam that the *Roma's* pumps soon became choked, and a stoppage had to be made whilst they were cleaned. Fortunately the steamer and her living freight of emigrants came to no harm.

Some idea may be gained of the immense power of the volcanic wave which caused such terrible destruction when we consider its effects on some of the neighboring countries. On the north-west shore of Australia—nearly a thousand miles away—it had not quite spent its fury, and some parts of the flat, sandy coast in the Roebourne district were slightly inundated. In several parts of the island of Ceylon a mysterious receding of the sea took place. From information supplied me from Galle it would seem that early on the Monday afternoon the sea receded as far as the landing-stage on the jetty. Boats and canoes moored along the shore were left high and dry for three minutes, and a great number of prawns and other fish were taken up by the coolies before the water returned.

At Kalutara, at about the same hour, the sea rose fully three feet higher than its usual level, and then receded suddenly at least sixty fathoms from the shore. A sunken vessel there, named the *Erin*, was laid bare, and the whole wreck was distinctly seen embedded in the sand. The sea continued strangely rising and receding until late in the evening.

The violent concussions and shocks which were heard so distinctly in Batavia were also audible at very great distances. Explosive reports resembling the rattle of distant musketry and then the firing of an occasional heavy gun are stated to have been heard in Selangor and Perak, between six and seven hundred miles away from the scene of the eruption.

As regards the volcanic wave itself I was able to gather some interesting particulars from one of the few survivors, whom I met in Batavia, a few days after the calamity. He was a Dutch pilot, stationed at Anjer, and had had a wonderful

escape from a watery grave when the wave burst upon the coast near his home. As his is the narrative of an eyewitness, I think I cannot do better than tell the story in his own words:—

"I have lived in Anjer all my life, and little thought the old town would have been destroyed in the way it has. I am getting on in years, and quite expected to have laid my bones in the little cemetery near the shore, but not even that has escaped, and some of the bodies have actually been washed out of their graves and carried out to sea. The whole town has been swept away, and I have lost everything except my life. The wonder is that I escaped at all. I can never be too thankful for such a miraculous escape as I had.

"The eruption began on the Sunday afternoon. We did not take much notice at first, until the reports grew very loud. Then we noticed that Krakatoa was completely enveloped in smoke. Afterwards came on the thick darkness, so black and intense that I could not see my hand before my eyes. It was about this time that a message came from Batavia inquiring as to the explosive shocks, and the last telegram sent off from us was telling you about the darkness and smoke. Towards night everything became worse. The reports became deafening, the natives cowered down panic-stricken, and a red, fiery glare was visible in the sky above the burning mountain. Although Krakatoa was twenty-five miles away, the concussion and vibration from the constantly repeated shocks was most terrifying. Many of the houses shook so much that we feared every minute would bring them down. There was little sleep for any of us that dreadful night. Before daybreak on Monday, on going out of doors, I found the shower of ashes had commenced, and this gradually increased in force until at length large pieces of pumice-stone kept falling around. About six A.M. I was walking along the beach. There was no sign of the sun, as usual, and the sky had a dull, depressing look. Some of the darkness of the previous day had cleared off, but it was not very light even then. Looking out to sea I noticed a dark, black object through the gloom, travelling towards the shore.

"At first sight it seemed like a low range of hills rising out of the water, but I knew there was nothing of the kind in that part of the Soenda Strait. A second glance—and a very hurried one it was—convinced me that it was a lofty ridge of

water many feet high, and worse still, that it would soon break upon the coast near the town. There was no time to give any warning, and so I turned and ran for my life. My running days have long gone by, but you may be sure that I did my best. In a few minutes I heard the water with a loud roar break upon the shore. Everything was engulfed. Another glance around showed the houses being swept away and the trees thrown down on every side. Breathless and exhausted I still pressed on. As I heard the rushing waters behind me, I knew that it was a race for life. Struggling on, a few yards more brought me to some rising ground, and here the torrent of water overtook me. I gave up all for lost, as I saw with dismay how high the wave still was. I was soon taken off my feet and borne inland by the force of the resistless mass. I remember nothing more until a violent blow aroused me. Some hard, firm substance seemed within my reach, and clutching it I found I had gained a place of safety. The waters swept past, and I found myself clinging to a cocoanut palm-tree. Most of the trees near the town were uprooted and thrown down for miles, but this one fortunately had escaped and myself with it.

"The huge wave rolled on, gradually decreasing in height and strength until the mountain slopes at the back of Anjer were reached, and then, its fury spent, the waters gradually receded and flowed back into the sea. The sight of those receding waters haunts me still. As I clung to the palm-tree, wet and exhausted, there floated past the dead bodies of many a friend and neighbor. Only a mere handful of the population escaped. Houses and streets were completely destroyed, and scarcely a trace remains of where the once busy, thriving town originally stood. Unless you go yourself to see the ruin you will never believe how completely the place has been swept away. Dead bodies, fallen trees, wrecked houses, an immense muddy morass and great pools of water, are all that is left of the town where my life has been spent. My home and all my belongings of course perished—even the clothes I am wearing are borrowed—but I am thankful enough to have escaped with my life, and to be none the worse for all that I have passed through."

Such was the narrative of this old, weatherbeaten pilot, and as I listened to it I determined to go and see the ruined places for myself. A few weeks later an opportunity occurred of doing so, and the

incidents of my journey to the devastated Bantam district must be reserved for my next paper.

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From The Spectator.  
AN OLD LONDON GARDENER.

# I.

THE frequenters of the Holborn restaurant are not, perhaps, aware that they are recruiting their jaded energies near the site of some of the famous old London gardens. Yet so it is. Ely Place commemorates the palace of the Bishops of Ely; and we know that it was from the garden of his Grace that the much desired strawberries were brought in hot haste to the Tower on that summer morning of 1483, when, about "nine of the clock," the Duke of Gloucester sat talking with Morton and Hastings, the latter all unconscious of his impending doom. The incident, as related by Sir Thomas More, in his "History of the pitiful Life and unfortunate Death of King Edward V.," became immortal through its introduction into the well-known scene in Shakespeare's "Richard III."

Some ninety years later, John Gerard, taking a fancy to the quiet neighborhood beyond the city walls, had laid out his "physic-garden" near the banks of the little brook, which, wandering down its hollow way to join the larger stream of the Fleet, had in Elizabeth's time given the name of Holborn to that locality. The Cheshire doctor had already become a man of note. In 1597 he tells us that he had for twenty years superintended the stately gardens of his patron, Sir William Cecil. The lord high treasurer, like so many other noblemen, had his town house in the Strand, its memory being preserved (as we learn from Isaac Taylor) by Burleigh Street, Exeter Hall, and Exeter Street. The supervision of Lord Burghley's spacious *pleasaunce*, and the management of his own professional garden, must have furnished abundant occupation to the worthy doctor, and we are therefore filled with astonishment in contemplating the great work of his life. That ponderous quarto, with its thirteen hundred and ninety-two pages and more than two thousand illustrations, entitled, "The Historie of Plants: in Three Books," was published in 1597, and dedicated to Gerard's "singular good lord and master, Sir William Cecil, Knight." The work was only just completed in time, for Burghley died

the following year. As we turn over the yellow pages of one of the first editions we marvel at the patient labor involved. The book, though styled a "Herbal," is a comprehensive history of plants, and, beyond its professional value, possesses great interest of another kind. Scattered throughout its pages are allusions to people and places curiously illustrative of the times. We propose to call attention, first, to the notices of localities in and around London where wild flowers were found in that day, such notices throwing light upon the size of the city and the rural aspect of the suburban places; and, secondly, to the accounts of flowers introduced into English gardens three hundred years ago.

We will begin with the wall pennywort, not now a common plant. Gerard, however, had not far to seek it. "It groweth," he says, "upon Westminster Abbay, over the doore that leadeth from Chaucer his tombe to the olde palace." The Whitlow grass "groweth plentifully vpon the bricke wall in Chauncerie lane, belonging to the Earle of Southampton." Think also of what these few words convey. Writing of the wild clary, Gerard says: "It groweth wild in diuers barren places, especially in the fields of Holburne, neere vnto Graies Inne." Here is another pleasant glimpse. Herb twopence, the yellow moneywort, was to be found "vpon the bancke of the riuier of Thames, right against the Queenes palace of Whitehall." Of a certain crowfoot, the doctor says: "It chanced that walking in the fielede next vnto the Theater by London, in company of a worshipful merchant, named master Nicholas Lete, I founde one of this kinde there." Could this theatre be other than the Globe built in 1594? What suggestions reach us through the following allusions to Gerard's suburban rambles! He is discoursing of hedge hyssop: "I founde it growing vpon the bog or marrish ground at the further end of Hampsteede heath, and vpon the same heath towards London, neere vnto the head of the springs that were digged for water to be conueied to London, 1590, attempted by that carefull citizen, Sir John Hart Knight, Lord Maior of London: at which time myselfe was in his Lordship's company, and viewing for my pleasure the same goodly springs, I found the said plant." Those plants which, according to our author, joy "in watric ditches," must have been easily studied without a long journey. The frogbit he found "in all the ditches about Saint

George his fieldes, and in the ditches by the Thames side neere to Lambeth marsh." The gloomy haunt of the white saxifrage might be passed over were it not for the interest it possesses for students of Chaucer. In Gerard's time it grew "in a fiede on the left hand of the highway as you go from the place of execution, called St. Thomas Waterings vnto Dedford by London." Did not Sir Thomas Waterings commemorate one of the stations used by the Canterbury Pilgrims?

We now come to the second point, the notices of flowers introduced into English gardens in Gerard's time, and as we read those words which so continually conclude the paragraph headed "The Place," "this plant grows also in my garden," we wonder what must the dimensions of his herbarium have been! Here is the history of our queenly white lily. It is "called *Lilium album Bizantinum*, in English the white lillie of Constantinople; of the Turkes themselves, *Sultan Zambach*, with this addition, that it might be the better known which kinde of lillie they ment, when they sent rootes of them vnto these countries." The variety of lilies then known surprises us; many came to Gerard through his "louing friend, master James Garret, apothecarie in London." To the Turks, also, we owe the crown imperial, and that gorgeous denizen of our gardens, the red lily. "This plant groweth wilde in the fieldes and mountaines many daies iournies beyonde Constantinople. From thence it was sent, among many other bulbs of rare and daintie flowers, by Master Habran, ambassador there, vnto my honorable good lord and master, the Lord Treasurer of England, who bestowed it vpon me for my garden." The day lily, the red gladiolus, or corn-flag; the fritillary (called also by Gerard "the ginnie-hen flower"), were all known to him, while the varieties of daffodils, squills, hyacinths, and anemones are wonderful to read of. "The double white daffodill" was sent to Lord Burghley from Constantinople; other bulbous plants came from the "lowe Countries, as also from France." The "rush-daffodill" (rush-leaved jonquil?) grew "wilde in the waterie places of Spaine." From three kinds of tulips we learn that "all other kinds do proceed," tulips being then the peculiar study of Master James Garret, who had, by careful sowing of seed, procured an infinite variety.

Nor had the tables of our Elizabethan ancestors any lack of fruits and vegetables.

Several kinds of peaches are enumerated in "The Historie of Plants," as well as apricots, green figs, mulberries, quinces, many varieties of apples (amongst them the "pearemaine"), cherries, pears, medlars, etc. Among vegetables we naturally search eagerly for the mention of the potato. Gerard describes two species. The first, he says, grows in India, Barbary, and Spain, of which "I planted diuers rootes (that I bought at the exchange in London) in my garden, where they flourished vntill winter, at which time they perished and rotted." "The nutriment," he tells us, "is, as it were, a meane betwene flesh and fruit." The other kind (*Battata Virginiana*) has a still greater interest for us, though we look in vain for its association with Sir Walter Raleigh. Girard received his roots from "Virginia, otherwise called Norembega," and they grew and prospered in his garden. Both kinds of potato are either "rosted in the embers, or boiled and eaten with oile, vinegar, and pepper," and they "may serue as a ground or foundation, whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may work and frame many comfortable delicate conserues." Though ignoring the connection between the great colonist and the potato, Gerard does not fail to give him due honor. Witness this quaint and suggestive passage in another place in which he describes the Indian swallow-wort: "It groweth, as before rehearsed, in the countries of Norembega, and now called Virginia by the H. Sir Walter Raleigh, who hath bestowed great summes of monie in the discouerie thereof, where are dwelling at this present Englishmen, if neither vntimely death by murdering, or pestilence, corrupt aire, or some other mortall sickness hath not destroyed them."

We close the ancient quarto, and the vision that has been with us fades away. The gallant courtiers in ruff and doublet, the stately dames in brocade and farthingale, grow dim. We listen no longer to the talk in those pleached alleys of the books which this year of grace, 1597, has given to the world—illustrious contemporaries of "The Historie of Plants"—that volume of essays from the hand of Francis Bacon, that mournful tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," the work of the Warwickshire play-actor. The subtle fragrance of Provence roses, of eglantine, clove gilliflowers, sweet basil, and marjoram, forsakes us, and on the summer air from across the river dies away the evening chime from the bells of St. Mary of the Ferry.

## II.

WHAT magic lies hidden within the dilapidated cover of the old brown volume of Gerard's "Herbal"! Another England than this of the nineteenth century rises before us as we turn over the leaves. The names of the statesmen who played their parts in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," the allusions to new countries lately explored, carry us back three hundred years. We have already noticed Gerard's mention of Sir Walter Raleigh. We are told also that fluellen grew "in a field next unto the house sometime belonging to that honourable gentleman, Sir Frances Walsingham, at Barneelmes." Strange Indian fruits are connected with Sir Francis Drake, who brought these curiosities to England, being "those that some of the Indians do paie unto their king for tribute." Here is the introduction of the balsam-tree, a native of "the vales and low grounds of Peru." Gerard and his friends received its seeds from the "Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord High Chamberlaine of England, worthie of triple honour for his care in getting, as also for his curious keeping rare and strange things brought from the farthest parts of the world." Alas! for the balsam of Peru; notwithstanding all the doctor's care, the plants, when a foot high, perished at the first approach of winter.

Queen Elizabeth had no lack of medical advisers, or Gerard of friends. No less than six of these learned gentlemen (two of them certainly royal "chirurgions") commended Gerard to the public by prefatory addresses, both in prose and in verse, Latin as well as English.\* We can imagine that Thomas Thorney, who styles his friend "sweete Gerard," had himself watched the progress of "The Historie of Plants." He speaks of the expenditure of money, the laborious toil, the indefatigable industry, which went to the making of the great Herbal. We like Thorney's homely words of well-deserved praise:—

Of simples here we do behld,  
Within our English soyle,  
More store than ere afore we did,  
Through this thy learned toyle,  
And each thing so methodicall,  
So aptly coucht in place,  
As much I muse, how such a worke  
Could fram'd be in such space.  
For in well viewing of the same  
We neede not far to rome,  
But may behold dame Nature's store  
By sitting still at home, etc.

\* Several other "doctors to royalty" are mentioned in the Herbal.

Nor are only the courtly doctors and statesmen mentioned. Gerard gives a little anecdote of a certain cherry-tree that bore but one cherry, the most pleasant taste whereof was witnessed by Master Bull, "the queene's maiesties clock-maker." In noticing Saracen's consound or wound-woort, he cannot refrain from a touch of self-congratulation. "With it I cured Master Cartwright, a gentleman of Grayes Inne, who was greevously wounded into the lungs."

How punctilious is the doctor in acknowledging obligations! We read with interest of that extraordinary flower, "the amiable and pleasant kind of primrose," with its stalk of "grayish, or overworne greenish colour, which in the summer time bringeth foorth a soft russet huske or hose, wherein are contained many small flowers, found in a Yorkshire wood by the industry of a learned gentleman of Lancashire, Master Thomas Hesketh, a diligent searcher of simples." Again, Gerard hears "by the relation of a learned preacher, Master Robert Abat, an excellent and diligent herbarist," that at Hatfield are found the three kinds of orchis, or in his words, "the Bee, Flie, and Butterflie Satyrion." A delicate compliment seems designed by the following: "The Reverende Dr. Penny his Cistus;" but what can we make of the English name for the Venice mallow, "Good-night at nine in the forenoone"? The number of plants dedicated to saints is very great, but on this subject Gerard throws no light; perhaps we may detect in this fact the Protestant proclivities of a retainer of Lord Burghley. The doctor's pages, though rich in classical quotations, contain scarcely any references to Catholic customs. Did our author connect mistletoe with Popish enormities? He enlarges on its use in making birdlime, tells us that "it groweth upon okes and diuers other trees almost everywhere;" and yet, while we often read in his pages of flowers which served to "deck up houses," or were worn in garlands by maidens, there is no word to connect mistletoe with the great mid-winter festival. We had a strong desire to learn more about vervain. Gerard calls it "*Verbena sacra*, holie veruaine," and explains that it was used about their altars both by the Greeks and Romans, and notices the virtue ascribed by the ancients to a "garlande of veruaine" for the cure of headache; but on the religious purpose for which this plant was employed by the Druids he is silent. "Pliny saith if the dining-roome be



sprinkled with water in which the herbe hath been steeped the guests will be the merrier." England was "merrie England" in Gerard's time, yet how often he calls our attention to herbs that cheer! The potency of borage was held to be even greater than we had imagined. "The flowers used in sallads do exhilarate and make the minde glad," many things being also made of them "for the comfort of the hart, for the driuing away of sorrowe, and increasing the ioie of the minde." Much space is given in the Herbal to that newly introduced plant the "Tabaco, or Henbane of Peru." Gerard describes its effect in one case of which he had heard. "We have learned of a friend by observation affirming that a strong countrieman of a middle age having a dropsie tooke of it, and being wakened out of his sleepe, called for meate and drinke, and after that he became perfectly whole." And again, "The drie leaves are used to be taken in a pipe, set on fire, and suckt." "The priests and inchaunters of the hot countries do take the fume thereof until they be drunken, that after they have lien for dead three or fower howers, they may tell the people what wonders, visions, or illusions they have seene, and so give them a prophetically direction or foretelling (if we may trust the diuell) of the successe of their businesse."

Even sea-weeds and fungi found their place in "The Historie of Plants." Here is a curious bit of information. Sea-lungwort "groweth upon rocks within the sea, but especially among oysters, and in greater plentie among those which are called Walffete oysters; it is very well knowne even to the poore oisterwomen which carry oysters to sell up and down, and are greatly desirous of the said mosse for the decking and beautifying of their oysters, to make them sell the better; this mosse they call oister-greene." The following passage is suggestive of the loneliness and scanty population of our country three centuries ago: "Fusse bals or puck-fists" were used by people "in some places of England to kill or smoulder their bees, when they woulde driue the hives, and bereaue the poore bees of their meate, houses, and liues; these are also used in some places where neighbors dwell farre a sunder to carrie and reserve fire from place to place." Gerard's attitude towards the superstitions of his day is a curious study. He narrates at length the

gloomy stories connected with the mandrake, concluding: "They fable further, and affirm that he who woulde take up a plant thereof must tie a dogge thereunto to pull it up, which will give a great shriek at the digging up; otherwise if a man should do it, he should certainly die in short space after; all which dreames and old wiues tales, you shall from hencefoorth cast out of your bookes and memorie." Gerard and his servants had digged up and planted many mandrakes, yet had never perceived the human shape in any root. After this enlightened judgment, we are scarcely prepared for the subject chosen by the doctor for his concluding pages. "Having travelled from the grasses growing in the fenny waters, the woods, and mountaines, even vnto Libanus itselfe, and also the sea, we are arrived to the end of our historie, thinking it not impertinent to end with one of the maruels of this land." Upon this follows, with even more than his usual minuteness of detail, the history of "the Barnakle Tree, or Tree bearing Geese," specimens of which prodigy Gerard declared he had himself seen in different stages of transformation from a mussel to a fowl. We smile at such a delusion, though, mindful of the follies which three added centuries of experience and education have not eradicated from the minds of all Englishmen, we do not smile contemptuously. And yet, as we bid our old friend farewell, with grateful recognition of the services he rendered to his generation, we cannot forbear the expression of a not unreasonable regret. What would we give if, amongst the names of courtiers and learned men recorded in his Herbal we could discover one allusion worth all the rest? In this same year, 1597, when Gerard had completed his great book, William Shakespeare, after twelve laborious years spent in London, returned to Stratford-on-Avon to buy New Place. Can we doubt that he, too, had visited the Holborn garden? Perhaps a recollection of the doctor's herb borders rose before him when he made Perdita in the "Winter's Tale" discourse of "hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram," —

The marygold that goes to bed with the sun  
And with him rises weeping.

But our regret is needless, as it is vain. "The Historie of Plants" must be forgotten; Perdita is one of the immortals.

From Chambers' Journal.  
RECENT PYRAMID-WORK.

FEW English explorers for many years have done better work among the monuments of Egypt than Mr. W. Flinders Petrie, of which he has published an account in his interesting book on the "Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh." The first edition of this work having been rapidly exhausted, a cheap edition has recently been brought out, which places the results of his researches within the reach of the ordinary reader, the more abstruse mathematical calculations concerning the triangulation of the Pyramid and such high matters being omitted. Enough, however, remains to make the book one of special interest to the mathematician, architect, and engineer; while those who take pleasure in following a close chain of reasoning, will admire the mental processes which supplement Mr. Petrie's keen observation of facts.

One might think that the Great Pyramid had been visited, inspected, measured, re-measured, and written about so often that it was completely worked out. There are no fewer than forty-eight different theories about its original intention; and those of Professor Piazzi Smyth, the astronomer-royal of Scotland, in particular, still exercise an extraordinary fascination over many minds. The professor, moreover, has the credit of having been the first to take measurements of the Great Pyramid which had any pretensions to scientific exactness. But Mr. Petrie brought to the work more delicate instruments of measurement than had ever been used on the pyramid before; and in order to obtain accurate measurements, he uncovered parts of the building, which had been covered for ages. Consequently, his observations on this well-trodden field have almost the interest of fresh discoveries.

Mr. Petrie's survey was no holiday task. He worked at measurements or triangulation for about eight hours in the blazing sun every day; then, after cooking his own dinner in the tomb which he had made his temporary abode, and washing up the dishes—for he had no trust in Egyptian cleanliness—he worked on till about midnight in reducing his observations, and writing out results. During his investigations of the pyramid, he often worked twenty-four hours at a stretch; for, as measurements inside could not be carried on until the day's tide of visitors had ebbed away, he worked outside until dusk, and then, after dinner, spent the

night within the pyramid measuring and observing till eight o'clock in the morning. Consequently, we now have a survey of the Great Pyramid which rivals, if it does not surpass all previous work in its accuracy; and we have also some most valuable observations on some of the other pyramids, temples, and tombs of the necropolis of Memphis, and concerning the tools and methods used by the ancient Egyptians in their wonderful works.

Mr. Petrie is minute in his observations of the injury that the king's chamber, the chamber containing the sarcophagus in the Great Pyramid, has sustained, apparently by an earthquake. The joints of the stones have been loosened on every side, and the great beams of the ceiling, weighing about fifty-four tons each, have been broken right through on the south side, and the chamber actually holds together only by the force of sticking and thrusting; its eventual downfall is, as Mr. Petrie says, "a mere question of time and earthquakes." As one of these cracks and many of the joints have been daubed up with mortar, it seems that the injury must have occurred before the Pyramid was finished.

The sarcophagus, in which great interest was centred by Professor Piazzi Smyth's theory, as it was supposed to exhibit a standard for all the Pyramid dimensions, is found by Mr. Petrie to be rather a careless piece of work. Marks of the saw, which still remain, show that the masons have more than once cut deeper than they intended, and have then tried to polish away their mistakes, but without wholly succeeding. The coffer was raised to see if there were any marks underneath it to indicate that it stood in its original place; but no such marks were found.

Mr. Petrie gives some interesting details relative to the change that took place in the workmanship of the Pyramid in the course of building. The site was levelled with great care, and the base laid out with wonderful exactitude. The basalt pavement on the east side of the Pyramid and the limestone pavement on the other sides are splendid pieces of work, the blocks of basalt being all sawn and fitted together with the greatest accuracy. The lower part of the casing, of which Mr. Petrie for the first time uncovered some blocks *in situ*, is exquisitely wrought, and so is the entrance passage; "the means employed for casing and cementing the blocks of soft limestone, weighing a dozen to twenty tons each, with such hair-like joints are almost inconceivable at present,

and the accuracy of the levelling is marvellous." But the same excellence is not shown in the upper parts of the building: the upper part of the great gallery is much askew; in the ante-chamber, bad stone has been employed, and its defects rudely plastered over; and in the king's chamber, though it is composed entirely of magnificent granite blocks of admirable workmanship, there is an error in the levelling, causing a difference of two and a quarter inches between the courses on the north-east and the south-west, an error which, if not due to natural causes, is surprising in such a piece of work as the Great Pyramid. In many places the stone has been left in the rough, to be dressed down when it was put in position, but which has been left undressed. Mr. Petrie suggests that the architect of the first period of the building died in the midst of his work, and was succeeded by one who exercised less careful supervision, and that thus the building was somewhat hastily finished. As the roofing-beams for the king's chamber are all numbered, and marked for the north or south sides, Mr. Petrie thinks it probable that they were all hewn in the lifetime of the first architect, and fitted into position outside the Pyramid, but were built into their place by the second and less careful architect.

It is well known that the only important chambers in the Great Pyramid are three in number: (1) The king's chamber, so called because it still contains the coffer of red granite in which King Khufu or Cheops is supposed to have been buried—the room being lined throughout with splendid blocks of granite. (2) Another chamber at a lower level, built of limestone, and commonly called the queen's chamber; the most remarkable feature of which chamber is a niche in the eastern wall, about fifteen feet high. This name, however, is purely fanciful, as it was not usual for Egyptian queens to be buried near their husbands. (3) A subterranean chamber, which is not really in the Pyramid at all, but in the rock beneath, very roughly excavated, and evidently unfinished. We will now point out what light Mr. Petrie's researches have thrown on the destination of these chambers and on the history of the Pyramid generally.

The tomb of important Egyptian personages consisted generally of three parts: (1) The *mastaba*, a chamber which was always accessible to the family of the deceased, who came there once a year at least to present offerings and prayers.

(2) The *serdab*, a walled-up chamber in which was the statue of the deceased, which was supposed in some mysterious manner to represent him, and to receive the odor of the offerings through a hole in the wall of the *mastaba*. (3) The tomb proper, where the mummy was laid, often in a pit dug through the floor. In the case of kings, the *mastaba* was often separated entirely from the *serdab* and the tomb proper, and made into a temple, where the worship of sovereigns, who had ascended into the ranks of the gods, was regularly carried on. Thus the Ramesseum and the other splendid temples whose ruins still adorn the western shore of Thebes are only the chapels belonging to the tombs of the great kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, whose bodies were buried in splendidly painted halls cut in the limestone hills far behind.

The Pyramids of Gizeh in like manner had their temples at a little distance from their eastern fronts, where the worship of the kings interred in them was carried on. The granite temple belonging to the Second Pyramid, which Mr. Petrie considers to have been built after that Pyramid, and not before, as has sometimes been asserted, is still one of the wonders of the Pyramid field. There are also remains of the temple belonging to the Third Pyramid. But the existence of a similar temple belonging to the Great Pyramid has been finally set at rest by Mr. Petrie, who examined the wonderful basalt pavement on its eastern side which we have already spoken of, and found the large hewn blocks of granite and basalt which lie exposed to the east of it. These are sufficient in number to warrant the conclusion that they formed part of some large building, now totally destroyed, which was connected with the Pyramid by the splendid basalt pavement on which such careful workmanship was bestowed.

Supposing, then, that this was the *mastaba* of the Pyramid of Khufu, where was the *serdab*? The niche in the queen's chamber furnishes Mr. Petrie with a reply. In that niche probably once stood the statue of Khufu. In 1638 a tradition was still current that it was "the place for an idol;" and there is proof that the chamber was completely closed up, like other *serdabs*, even before the great gallery was closed. But further; in carefully searching among the rubbish which lies opposite the north face of the Pyramid, the side where the door is, Mr. Petrie found several pieces of worked diorite, and innumerable chips of the same hard

and valuable stone, which is seldom used except for statues. In a similar manner, countless fragments of diorite, which bear still plainer marks that they are fragments of statues, are found in the neighborhood of the Second Pyramid; and at the bottom of a well belonging to the temple of that Pyramid, seven or eight statues of Khafra, the builder of that Pyramid, were found, all more or less mutilated. Finally, at the ruined Pyramid of Abu Roash, which, though lying five miles to the north of the Gizeh Pyramids, was probably built for a king of the same dynasty (the fourth), Mr. Petrie found pieces of a granite coffin, and fragments of a diorite statue, which had evidently been smashed with all the carefulness which a malignant hatred could invent; "the wrought granite has been mainly burnt and powdered; the surfaces of the statue were bruised to pieces before it was broken up; a block with a piece of the cartouche [the oval containing the king's name] on it had been used as a hammer, having a groove cut round it to hold a cord by which it was swung."

Do not these evidences of a fixed purpose of destruction recall to our minds in a remarkable manner the words of Herodotus, who says that the Egyptians would not even pronounce the names of the kings who built the Great Pyramids, because they had aroused such a feeling of hatred that the very remembrance of them was detested? As Mr. Petrie remarks, the details show that these acts of violence were committed long before the times of the Shepherd Kings or of the Persians. The intense spite that is shown is more than that of a mere invader, and points to some revolution imbittered by religious or political feeling, such as may have taken place in the dark period between the seventh and the eleventh dynasties, of which so little is known, but which appears to have been a time of civil war and rival dynasties.

We will briefly sum up Mr. Petrie's theory of the building of the Great Pyramid and the history of its closing, referring the reader to his book for the arguments and observations by which it is supported. He believes that the whole mass of limestone of which the Pyramid is built was brought from the quarries of Turra and Masara, on the other side of the Nile. The unskilled labor of transporting the stone and bringing it up to the Pyramid field was performed by *corvées* during the three months of the inundation, when the peasantry are idle. One hundred

thousand men — as Herodotus tells us — were employed at that time; while during the rest of the year a staff of skilled masons were busied in hewing the stone. Mr. Petrie has discovered behind the Second Pyramid remains of the barracks which were used by the workmen while it was building; they would easily hold four thousand men. In this manner the Great Pyramid might have been built, as Herodotus says, in twenty years. Very much of the work was planned, course by course, on the ground; and after it was thus prepared, the unskilled laborers were probably employed, in the time of the inundation, in raising it to its place. This was done by the simple method of *rocking*, namely, "resting the stones on two piles of wooden slabs, and rocking them up alternately to one side and to the other by means of a spar under the block, thus heightening the piles alternately, and so raising the stone. This would also agree with the mysterious description of a machine made of short pieces of wood." The tools employed in working the granite which is used in the interior were "bronze saws over eight feet long, set with jewels, tubular drills similarly set with jewels, and circular saws." The jewel-points were either of diamond or corundum, most probably the latter. Mr. Petrie has found cores evidently broken from a tubular drill-hole, which could only be explained by the use of a fixed jewel-point. Masses of masons' chips may still be seen to the north and south of the Pyramid, and are probably equal in bulk to more than half the building itself.

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From Temple Bar.

#### MODERN PRETTINESS V. ART.

THAT the last thirty-four years, dating from the ever memorable Exhibition of 1851, have seen a great advance in the art of beautifying life and stimulating industry in ornamental manufacture, by creating new wants, is such a truism that to doubt the benefit of this advance in its entirety will be deemed by many an absurdity as great as that of the man who wrote to the *Times* a few years ago to assert that the earth was flat and not round, in spite of all that had been said.

I shall venture nevertheless to ask if this all-pervading prettiness is an all round gain, and to suggest that it has led many of us on to wrong lines.

Truly I remember the hideous dining and drawing room in which, when I was young, we ate, and sat, and read, and worked, and wrote. I was then, as I am now, one of what may be described as the fairly-well-off middle class, — of that class which has supplied India with brave soldiers and great legislators, and has furnished our own country with some good and some bad lawyers and priests and doctors, — of that class whose fathers and friends fought in the Peninsula and on the high seas, voted on all occasions for Church and State, and loyally wore mourning for kings and queens.

Our dining-room, in those old days when George IV. was king, contained twelve mahogany chairs, the seats covered with black horsehair cloth, two arm (not easy) chairs, a sofa to match, a dining table dark with age and polished by sheer labor to the smoothness of a mirror, a capacious sideboard, and a cellarette. The Brussels carpet had been so good that it had faded in all its thickness to what are now called æsthetic colors. There was a rug to match; and the window curtains were red damasked moreen.

On the mantelpiece were two French bronze branch candlesticks — we did not call them candelabra then — and two very good Japanese figures. A series of proof prints after Hogarth hung on the red, flock-papered walls.

The drawing-room was very little more furnished, but there the chairs were covered with blue-striped moreen, and there were two easy ones and two worked ones not easy, a large, comfortable sofa, a round table, a card or whist table, and a fairly good piano in a mahogany case, though the rest of the furniture was rosewood. Nobody seemed to think much about the furniture except my mother, who occasionally regretted that the curtains were drab and did not match the chairs. They were rather handsome and had been given or left to her, and no idea of superseding them by anything more suitable ever crossed her mind. The carpet was a frightful combination of large flowers and stiff scrolls. On the walls there hung a picture by Morland, two small copies after Paul Potter, and a family portrait by Lawrence. On the chimneypiece was some very good porcelain, brought by a brother from the then far East, and two lustre candlesticks. I confess there was not much to please or interest in the fittings of those rooms. But they had their redeeming advantages. In the first place, there

was plenty of spare space to move about in; by pushing back the table one could dance or play games, as we often did, without fear of coming in contact with rickety tables laden with trumpy china; then the marble chimneypieces were washable, not being dressed in grimy velvet or lace, a thing only bearable in countries where wood alone is burnt and where coal dust is unknown; Macassar was in its infancy, and antimacassars were not. Such rooms too were easily cleaned.

We keep no more servants now than we did then, and a small household now, as then, commonly consists of cook, housemaid, and footman or parlor maid. To clean a room filled with furniture and nicknacks would take the greater part of a long day; and in what is called, or wishes to be considered, an æsthetic house the nicknacks pervade not only the drawing-room, but overflow into all the bedrooms. We see occasionally, in journals intended particularly for women, articles lecturing them for not doing more in their own houses, and recommending them to wash the china, help make the beds, and assist in all the light household work; but life is now far more full of interests and social duties than it ever was before. No mistress of such a house, supposing she has any family, can, with all the good will in the world, neglect the claims upon her time peculiar to our age, in order to follow this advice. So thorough cleanliness in over-bedizened rooms of small households there cannot be.

But the greatest of all the advantages of an old-fashioned room was the absence of mere prettiness. For from modern prettiness real art is now suffering; and it is exactly our class that is stifling, drowning, burying art, and outraging taste by cheap ornamentation of all things and all places in our small houses.

In lordly mansions there is room for everything. It is one of the missions of the rich to encourage art, and it is a mission that our men of leisure and cultivation have always fulfilled. In their houses they have space and appropriate places for what is pretty as well as for what is beautiful. And a fair measure of such things we too may enjoy. I do not desire to fall back upon hideousness. I do not yearn for the horrid furniture I was happy amongst years ago. I delight in a well-painted cup and saucer, a piece of good embroidery, well-executed wood-carving, in all pretty things for themselves; but why in the name of common sense should



we who are not rich, who have not room, sacrifice our limited space, our comfort, and the possibility of cleanliness, by pouring into a small house as many things as if we had a palace to disperse them over? Why diminish any area large enough for one stout person to pass through comfortably by placing there some unsteady table with a flower-pot, or a portfolio stand with photographs, or any other object the safety of which is endangered by every one who goes by? Quality is sacrificed to quantity, the fitness of things to prettiness.

I was lately left alone for half an hour in the drawing-room of a friend while she was finishing her correspondence, and I used the occasion to take stock of some of the innumerable trifles standing, lying, or hanging around, among which I had steered my way to an easy-chair. There stood on the table by which I had seated myself a painting of flowers and butterflies done on a mirror. It was well done, and in itself pretty, but surely for a painting a mirror is a most inappropriate and hard material turned to a use which destroys its own *raison d'être*. Granted that a border of flat conventional flowers may be used to adorn the edges of a looking-glass, can anything be less artistic than one nearly covered over with painting, round the edges, or amongst the colors on which, we see, when we look at it, bits of our own face? "The newest thing in ware" next caught my eye: flower vases, on the surface of which were modelled huge flowers in high relief and natural colors, the whole blossoms only attached to the body of the ware by their stalks or leaves. Ingeniously and beautifully modelled they were, but surely in such a place they were a violation of all art fitness. Vases like these are made to hold flowers, and flowers do not grow on them. The juxtaposition of the real flowers and the modelled ones was disagreeable. Think too of their potentiality for dust-collecting! Then I glanced at the Dresden candlesticks, and noticed that each candlestick seemed to be growing out of a rose. But they were only china roses with a hole in the middle, doing duty for *bobèches* or candle saucers; and very effectually they had done it, for the wax or "palmitine" had lodged between the leaves of each rose; but who was to clean it out? and how, without breaking the thin, delicately tinted china, could it

be done? Surely not by a housemaid in a hurry.

But my hostess came in, and after some talk of our friends in Egypt, and of the latest railway accident, afternoon tea was called for. There were in this room, twenty-three feet long by twenty wide, no less than six tables of various kinds and two marble consoles, but no place to hold the tea equipage, for which another small table was now brought in. As one or two more friends arrived more cups were called for, and there was a struggle, as each was used and done with, to find room to put it down. Mine I lodged between the clock and the other things on the crowded mantelpiece, where on an ordinary survey it made no appreciable difference, and where probably it would not be perceived by the hurried parlor maid. I know this has often happened in my own house, for I confess that in these matters I also have sinned.

I again repeat that it is for none but well-to-do people with but a small amount of leisure, house-room, and spare cash, that I write. Neither to those above nor to those below us in fortune would my remarks apply. A cheap chromolithograph in a workingman's home is a great improvement on the ugly prints of Black-eyed Susan, or the coarse likenesses of Wellington and Nelson, daubed over with blue and red and yellow, that adorned the walls of cottages in my childhood. But in our rooms are many cheap photographs better than one good line engraving? Are not a hundred articles of second-rate china much more in the way of comfort and cleanliness than the two or three heirlooms of porcelain treasured up by our mothers, and are they not, moreover, destructive of all discrimination in art?

As I walked home from my visit to the friend whose drawing room I have described, I mentally resolved to carry out the "putting away" I had already begun in a much more wholesale manner, to beware in future of what was "rather pretty," to avoid as so many snares bits of looking-glass framed in velvet, any superabundance of antimacassars, cheap Japanese toys, flower vases that will not hold flowers, and cups and saucers not meant to be drunk out of. I am looking for a housemaid, and I trust that the aspect of my reformed drawing-room may encourage some promising applicant to undertake to do her work without assistance.